



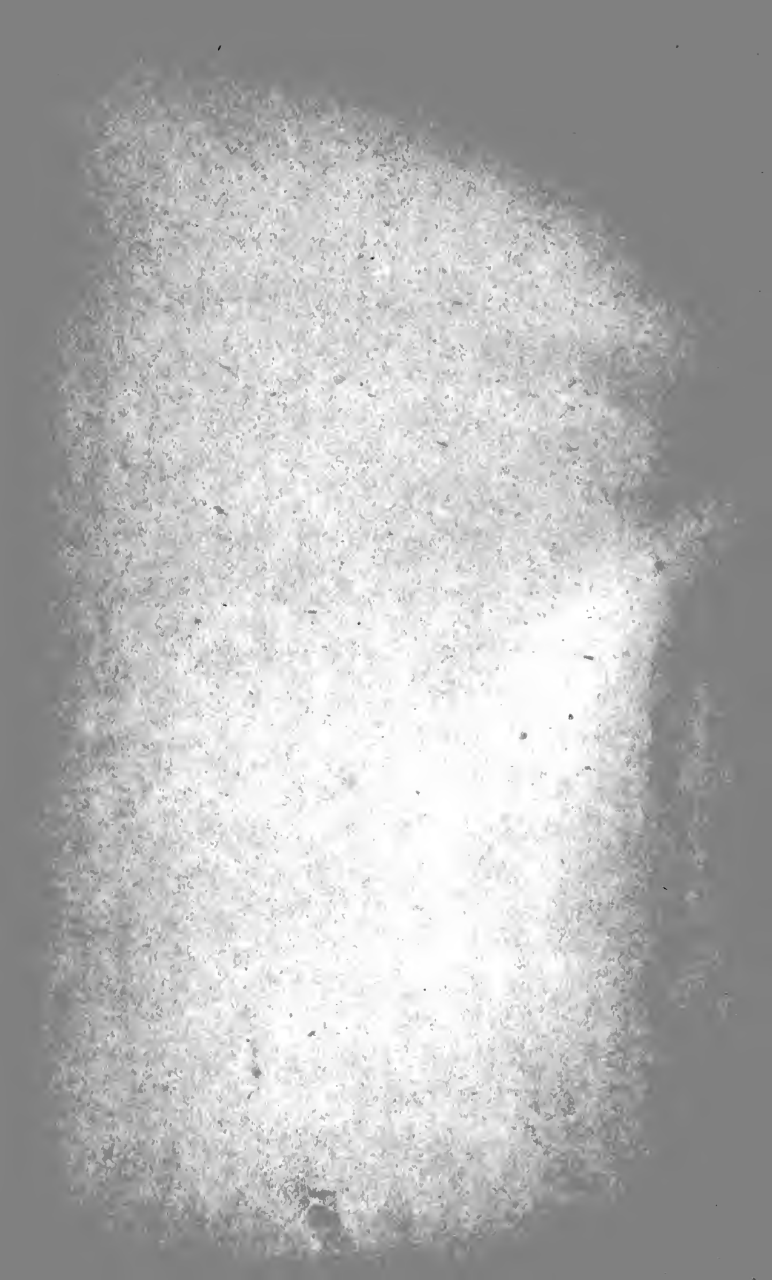
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LOVE AND LAND.



POEMS:

BY

MICHAEL SCANLAN.



CHICAGO:
THE WESTERN NEWS COMPANY.
1866.

PS 2789
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MICHAEL SCANLAN,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District
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Tribune Co., Printers.

Clarke & Co., Binders.

TO
PATRICK W. DUNNE,

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

SIR:—Permit me, in friendship's name, to inscribe this book to you.

These Poems have been written during my connection with the Fenian Brotherhood, and to the spirit of nationality which the organization revived is due whatever merit, if any, they possess.

I have endeavored to fan that old spirit of our race into a stronger and more concentrated flame — “Hatred to England,” which is the strongest manner of expressing “Love for Ireland.” To the Irish reader, for whom alone these Poems are written, this will cover a multitude of sins.

I remember the pleasant summer eves of long ago in Ireland, when the “lads and lasses” used to meet under the spreading trees, and to the music of the harp and fiddle dance the pleasant reels and planxties out beneath the moon and stars —

Heart and harp-strings timing,
Feet and fingers rhyming!

Ah! in all their wanderings over land and sea, at picnics, balls, bazaars, in banquet-hall or greenwood, with the music of Germany or Italy to set the light feet going, they have never known such soul-enjoyment as that they knew on the village greens of Ireland. Why is this? Because they danced their own music in their own land. 'Twas partly in the harper, but most in the music and in their own hearts!

Indeed, my only hope lies in these two things — I sing of Ireland and for Irish hearts! Many have struck our country's lyre to grander strains, but none with a more loving hand.

Having an unwavering faith in the triumph of Irish nationality over our brutal and unmerciful enemy, I have endeavored to instil the same into the

following Poems as forcibly and as plainly as I knew how, and if they only add some fuel to the flame that is now burning so brightly, I shall be satisfied.

The signs of the times are ominous, and if our countrymen will be steadfast in the future as they have been heroic in the past, working with an untiring enthusiasm, not flying the track at seeming disasters, admitting no such things as disasters, as sure as God lives and is just, our country shall take her place — “The brightest among the stars.”

That tall fabric, “British Domination,” raised on broken hearts and ruined nations, is crumbling to pieces. England to-day is living on her past greatness, and dare not test her strength with a fourth-rate power! It is the dwellers in the temple, those who have an inside view of the rent along the walls, and feel the rumbling of the coming storm, that foretell “England’s downfall!” Hurra!

England is growing old; Ireland’s growing young.
England is growing weak; Ireland’s growing strong.

Fenianism has done more already than most men can see on the surface of things. It is the miner who has been silently and steadily working for years, and whose labor is not felt until the explosion. England *feels* that there are men working, and her very uncertainty is as bad as the explosion.

You, Sir, as one of the men who nurtured this National Brotherhood in its youth, and led it when grown strong, with a heart to feel, a mind to execute, and a PURSE ever open to our country’s cause, deserve the thanks and esteem of every Irishman whose heart beats true to native land.

It is with these feelings that I inscribe this book to you, and have the honor to remain

Your Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

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Love and Land.

ADDRESS TO THE FENIANS.

Sons of the Gael, in Innisfail, and eke beyond the sea,
Whose guiding light thro' life has been the star of liberty,
Within whose souls the spirit rolls that brooks not gyve nor
chain,

Who walk the path of purity, thro' obloquy and pain,
“ Fall in ! ” with those whose ranks oppose the tyrants of
the earth,

Whether they hail from o'er the sea or boast of kindred
birth,

Who flaunt their flag from ev'ry crag that frowns o'er vale
and glen,

Your motto — “ Golden principle : let vassals worship
men.”

Our blind belief in clan and chief has dwarf'd the nation's
mind,

While others swept futurity, we sadly gazed behind ;
We closed our ears to the deafening cheers of the nations
marching on,

And groped amidst the tombs until the sons of light had
gone ;

And we were left, of hope bereft, sad, pitiful, alone,
Poor mendicants, who lived upon the glories that were
flown,

Our cots, and homes, our fathers' tombs, razed by the
spoiler's hand,

Who made a wilderness of woe out of our Eden land.

Thank Heaven, at last the clouds have pass'd that fogg'd
the nation's mind,

And light has pierced the prison walls, and dungeons cannot bind :

From Freedom's camp, with solid tramp, our legions hurry
forth—

The workers from the South and West, the thinkers from
the North.

No clan or creed dissensions breed, no faction's withering
blight,

Can throw its bridge of death across the living waters
bright :

But despots quake and nations shake beneath *their* mighty
tread,

Whose voices, hymning "Liberty," might wake the very
dead.

Let those whose souls some fool controls go kiss the tyrant's
rod ;

We stand erect before all men, and bow alone to God.

Let bats and owls, with mystic scowls, mope thro' the
shadows dun ;

But we are eagles, and can gaze, unblinking, at the sun ;

And, as we tread above the dead, who died for liberty,

We swear to die as they have died, or live, like freemen,
free.

Thro' fire and blood, by field or flood, the path to freedom
lies,

We'll track her up tho' at every foot a soldier falls and dies.

Ho ! men, unite ! arise and smite the foul oppressor down,

And trample 'neath your rugged feet the sceptre, throne
and crown !

And fling aside the parricide who to our race belongs,

Who thrives upon our country's woes, who fattens on her
wrongs :

And let him hear that round the bier of Liberty there stand

Ten million hearts to paralyze the tyrant's bloody hand !

We cry, at length, in our pride and strength, " Let despots
do their worst ;
They cannot forge a chain so strong the people cannot
burst."

Away with speech ; and, brother, reach me down that
rifle gun ;

By her sweet voice, and hers alone, the rights of man are
won ;

Fling down the pen ; when heroic men pine sad in dun-
geons lone,

'T is the bay'net, bright with good red blood, should plead
before the throne.

No idle fears, no woman's tears, can give our souls relief :
Those founts are dried, and, now, we love and hate too
deep for grief,

Each vow, each pray'r, is lost in air ; no deed has back'd
our word :

'Tis muscle, now, must speak, and use, for argument, the
sword.

Oh ! land of mine, droop not nor pine ; we'll break thy
prison bars ;

Thy name that's trampled in the dust we'll trace amid the
stars ;

For ev'ry heart that's rent apart for beating true to thee,

We swear by Heaven to quench a hearth in tears of agony.
Tho' all our years of love and tears are gone, alas ! in vain,
And nought but sad experience and dauntless souls remain,
We'll raise the cry of Victory, and press defiant on ;
Nor pause upon our march of mind till freedom's goal is
won.

THE FENIAN MEN.

See who come over the red-blossomed heather,
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air,
Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly together :
Sure Freedom sits throned in each proud spirit there.
Down the hills twining,
Their blessed steel shining,
Like rivers of beauty they flow from each glen,
From mountain and valley
'T is Liberty's rally,
So out, and make way for the Fenian Men !

Our prayers and our tears have been scoffed and derided,
They 've shut out God's sunlight from spirit and mind —
Our *Foes* were united, and *We* were divided,
We met, and they scattered us all to the wind ;

But once more returning,
Within our veins burning
The fires that illumined dark Aherlow glen,
We raise the old cry anew.
Slogan of Con and Hugh —
Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

We have men from the Nore, from the Suir and the
Shannon;

Let the tyrants come forth — we'll bring force against
force;

Our *pen* is the sword and our *voice* is the cannon —
Rifle for rifle and horse against horse.

We've made the false Saxon yield
Many a red battle field —

God on our side, we will do so again,
Pay them back woe for woe,
Give them back blow for blow —
Out, and make way for the Fenian Men!

Side by side for this cause have our forefathers battled,
When our hills never echoed the tread of a slave,
On many green fields, where the leaden hail has rattled,
Thro' the red gap of glory, they marched to the grave.
And they who inherit
Their names and their spirit,

Will march 'neath our Banners of Liberty ; then
All who love Saxon law,
Native or Sassenah,
Out, and make way for the Fenian Men !

Up for the cause then, fling forth our Green Banners ;
From the East to the West, from the South to the
North —

Irish land, Irish men, Irish mirth, Irish manners —

From the mansion and cot let the slogan go forth.

Sons of Old Ireland, now,

Love you our sireland, now ?

Come from the kirk, or the chapel, or glen ;

Down with all Faction old,

Concert and action bold,

This is the creed of the Fenian Men.

WOMAN.

There 's nought of earth in woman's love,

For 't is a joy o'erflowed from heav'n,

A spirit from the fields above,

To tell that man is half forgiv'n !

Her eyes that light the waste of time,

And robe the earth in summer bloom,
Her voice that hymns the theme sublime
Of life and love beyond the tomb.

She came when *Man* disconsolate,
From Eden's glories had to part ;
When Angels shut the golden gate,
She flew like sunshine to his heart.
Since then he's been her worshiper—
She's made the earth so wondrous fair,
'Tis sweeter rove its fields with her
Than Eden's bowers and want her there.

Come, Man, thou thing of sordid birth
And look into her azure eyes,
And feel thou'rt formed of common earth
And she is moulded for the skies.
Then wear her in your inmost heart,
For she is sent to cheer and bless,
And when her light and love depart,
The world is but a wilderness.

Thro' shade and sunshine you will find
Beside you still her gentle form,
That sways in summer's softest wind,
But bends not in the winter storm.

Man's crude love must pass thro' flame,
From passion's fiery furnace rise ;
But Woman's love is all the same,
On earth below or in the skies.

A PLEA FOR TEARS.

The tears of love that down the cheek
Of mourning beauty roll,
Are but the silver tongues that speak
The language of the soul.
Words are void and meaningless,
But when those dew-drops shine
Upon the cheeks of loveliness,
Their language is divine.

Within the bosom some huge grief
Swells o'er the spirit's chords,
And bursting upward finds relief
In burning, liquid words.
The fever'd heart, like arid sand,
All dead and parch'd appears,
Till, touched by the enchanter's wand,
It blooms neath pity's tears.

Behold the son of labor stand
Beside his dying wife ;
Old lovers they — still hand in hand,
Symbolic of their life,*
And as her eyes grow cold and dull,
His tears alone that speak,
Like gems rough set, how beautiful
They shine upon his cheek.

Then blush not when the heartless chide
Your falling tears of woe,
For beauty is still beautified
When pity bids them flow.
'T is not from common clay they start,
Their source is in the skies,
And angels bear them to the heart —
Their fount is woman's eyes.

* In old Irish poetry the lives of man and wife are always spoken of as one.
“ Two lives that flow in one.”

THE EMIGRANT.

The apple boughs were dripping dew
 On my pathway —
The robin sung the meadows thro'
 His plaintive lay —
The vallies never looked so sweet
 As on that day,
When from my childhood's blest retreat
 I turned away
To breast the wild and searching sleet
 That sweeps the world's highway.

I turned upon the mountain heath
 To look my last,
And gazing o'er the vales beneath
 My tears fell fast ;
Bright eyes that sparkled long ago
 Rose soft in view,
Sweet voices floated from below,
 That I well knew
Were but the echoes of my woe,
 From 'neath the churchyard yew.

Soon like despair 'twixt man and truth,
 The mountains gray

Shut out the valleys of my youth
Where my soul lay ;
I felt, let Time laugh e'er so bright
Along my way,
He never could bring back the light
Of Life's young day —
The soul that thro' the gloomiest night
Beheld the morning gray !

How fast the stern and rock-ribbed coast
Fades from my sight,
Soon — soon the green hills will be lost
In endless night ;—
The morn will rise on wings of gold,
And the sad sea
Unto the hills will sing her old
Weird melody.
Yet *I* will never more behold
Thy beauties *gra ma chree !*

I had proud dreams when other times
And days were here,
When Irish songs like sweet bell chimes
Fell on mine ear,
That I would give thee more than words
And hot salt tears,

Might take my stand midst flashing swords
And slender spears,
And charge the front of tyrant hordes,
Paying up old arrears.

Land of *Riagh na gael*, adieu !
On shore or sea,
Where'er I roam, my heart, still true,
Will turn to thee ;
Wherever mountains kiss the skies,
Or bright streams roll,
Thy daisied hills will proudly rise
Within my soul ;
Each river dancing to the sea
Will sing to my heart of thee.

ONCE MY HARP WAS TUNED TO WAR.

Once my harp was tuned to war,
And glory was my theme,
Upon the hills round Glenanar,
And by the Anner stream ;

White tented field and gallant knight

I prized all else above ;

But when I saw my lady bright,

I changed my theme to Love.

Like some delicious, druggéd wine,

I drank her passion kiss ;

My soul was tossed by hands divine

Upon a sea of bliss.

I trembled 'neath her faintest touch,

And never, till I strove

To sing of War, knew I how much

My heart was drunk with Love.

I felt her presence when the night

Came forth all diadems,

Her tresses flashing with the light

Of countless starry gems.

And all things bright and fair below,

Or in the skies above,

Spoke to my heart of her, and so

I could but sing of Love.

I fled unto the hills, and said,

This treason cannot be ;

I thought the eyes of heroes dead

Frowned angrily on me.

I tuned my harp to War — the skies
Were bright with stars above,
And then I thought upon her eyes,
And changed my theme to Love.

When usquebaugh was flowing strong
Around the banquet board,
The chieftain called the battle song,
“The Ormond’s flashing aword.”
And bold I struck the major key ;
But her fair fingers wove
A magic o’er my minstrelsy —
I could but sing of Love.

I told how on May eve I stopped
At good St. Mary’s Well,
And while I drank, some elfin dropped
Into the cup her spell ;
For as I felt the crystal draught
About my spirit move,
And fire my blood, I knew I’d quaff’d
The burning kiss of Love.

And when I left the banquet hall,
Before the midnight hour,
I heard my lady’s signal-call,
And flew unto her bower.

I hung my harp upon the Oak,
Within the Druids' grove,
And though we neither sung nor spoke,
We looked whole songs of Love.

That night when Ormond sought his bed
And dreamt of blood and wars,
The minstrel with his daughter fled,
While shone the midnight stars.
And now beneath the sunny skies
Of stately Spain we rove,
I look into my lady's eyes,
And strike my harp to Love.



THE REVELLERS.

Down with the dancing high Spring tide,
Down with the bounding tide,
The fair wind's blowing,
Let us be going
Down to the ocean wide —
God's beautiful ocean wide !

My spirit faints beneath Earth's clay,
Its senseless, soulless clay,

Unloose thy barque
 Ere the night grows dark,
 Let's swiftly bear away!
 We'll rest by the Hills of Day!

Where are our early friends all gone,
 The young, the fair, the gay,
 Who wove bright dreams
 By hills and streams
 With us at morning gray —
 Friends, dreams, oh where are they?

Down with the silent fleeing stream,
 The tireless stream of Time,
 The young and the gay
 Have passed away
 Like the voice of some village chime,
 Some village festive chime.

We danced within the gay green woods
 That lined youth's fairy shore,
 And all day long
 Our joyous song
 Was "Fill your glasses o'er,
 Red wine, bright eyes," no more.

We knew not Death was standing by
As we danced wildly on,
Nor never missed
The lips we kissed
The morn, at noon were gone,
Till we were left alone.

And now the night grows wild and dark —
God speed our Barque of Faith!
Light be the tolls
On human souls
Levied for sin at death —
Just dues for sin at death.

Show us the resting-place, dear God!
Show us the resting-place,
For thro' the gloom
Of the shrouded tomb
We see Thy smiling face, O God!
Thy radiant, smiling face!

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF BOYHOOD YEARS.

The golden days of boyhood's years !

Shall we behold them never, never more,
But thro' the mists of fallen tears,

As they float brightly shining round youth's shore ?
We stand upon the slope of Time,

And gaze toward our morning land with sighs,
Till sorrow peals her funeral chime,
And shrouds its beauty from our longing eyes.

Where are the buoyant, shining hopes,

That woo'd us thro' youth's fields and meadows gay,
That, laughing up the mountain slopes,

Kept strewing flow'rs upon Life's bright pathway ?
Ah ! Phantom Hopes, unreal, untrue,

'T was fancy threw a halo round their birth,
They glitter'd in the morning dew,
In the noonday sun they crumbled into earth.

The bitter wintry winds have killed

The buds and blossoms in our garden fair ;
Our souls that harbor'd joy are filled

With dull forebodings trembling round despair ;
The sunny beams that Heaven sends

Must shine thro' death to cause this dark eclipse,

We cannot kiss our early friends
Until we brush the grave-mold from their lips.

When o'er the pathway of our youth
Earth pass'd, clad in the robes of Deity,
We flung away our Lamps of Truth
And followed hers of wild Philosophy,
Away into bleak wastes of woe,
Its beams growing dimmer slowly day by day,
Until we wander'd to and fro
With light enough to lead our souls astray.

We rest down by Life's sighing streams,
With some pale phantoms ever standing near,
Whose shadows float around our dreams,
Fringing their brightness with dark clouds of fear.
We start in terror and pursue
Our journey, stumbling over nameless graves,
Till, wrecked on the shore of doubt, we view
Our brightest hopes sink in its misty waves.

Shall matter rule immortal mind?
Arise, my soul, unto thy broad domains,
Thy flight is upward, unconfin'd,
Earth cannot bind thee with her leaden chains.
Tho' tempests gather 'round thy path,
A beam from God shines o'er Life's troubled sea,

Fear not its wild but harmless wrath,
Death can take his own, he has no claim on thee.

Beyond the tomb there is a clime
Upon whose blossoms falls no shade of Death,
Whose leaves ne'er heard the tread of Time,
Nor trembled 'neath his with'ring, icy breath.
There live those early friends of ours,
Like birds of passage they're but gone before,
And in those green, eternal bow'rs,
They wait our coming from this Stygian shore.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Where's that spirit, bold, unchary,
That swept the ancient hills of Eire,
That flung the Saxon Gall defiance,
Safe in its own strong self-reliance?
Promethean lightning fed its flame:
Has persecution whipped it tame?

Where are the men who traced in story,
With bright sword-pens, our country's glory;

Who watched the fame their Fathers won her,
And would not brook their land's dishonor —
The motto of their chivalry :
“ *Man lives not who lives not free* ” ?

When Freedom thro' the land went crying,—
With Ireland's banner torn, but flying —
The sleuth-hound in her traces yelling,
And tyrant hordes her death-tale knelling,
Our Fathers swoop'd upon her track,
And swept the hordes of Satan back.

Oft by her side, with shouts of thunder,
Their lightning blades burst chains asunder ;
And field by field they fought the aggressor,
Each red hand its land's redressor ;
And when a soldier fell and died,
Another sword was by her side.

Theirs was not the hunger pining,
The soulless look, the slavish whining,
The long, dark road of want and sorrow,
The starless night, the hopeless morrow,
The slow, sad moping by life's wave,
In long, dull marches to the grave.

From castle keep and ivied arches,
Fame led them on triumphal marches ;
Their spirits full of Erin's story,
Bards sang them on to deeds of glory ;
And on the battle's hottest breath,
They swept into the fields of death.

That spirit and the Bard's departed,
Gone with the brave and fearless hearted ;
And hunted Freedom's sadly weeping
Around the tombs where they are sleeping ;
And never airs her regal form,
But in the free, wild mountain storm.

But better roam the vales and mountains,
And drink at Nature's sacred fountains —
In her bright eyes independence glowing,
Thro' her veins the red blood flowing —
Than live in Fashion's gayest bowers,
Her fetters hidden 'neath her flowers.

Oh, Irishmen ! do we inherit
Our Fathers' names and not their spirit ?
Are we men, bold and lion-hearted,
Or statues of a race departed,
With enough of mechanism given
To ape the " noblest work of heaven " ?

Out from your dark and hiding places !

Be not ashamed to show your faces ;

Trample local feud and faction,

The time is calling loud for ACTION.

You've slept the long, dark night away,

Awake ! arise ! behold the day !



LOVE COMES BUT ONCE UNTO THE HEART.

Love comes but once unto the Heart

But once and never more,

When Youth sits by Life's smiling tide

And softly woos him o'er.

In after years a joy may come

As full of peace and truth,

But never more that first, wild Love

Of the palmy days of youth.

The first young flowers of early spring

Sleep folded thro' the night,

But 'neath the smiles of morning ope

Their red lips to the light.

Thus sleeps the heart, 'twixt bud and bloom,
Thro' boyhood's April hours,
Till Love laughs in upon its dreams
Like morning o'er the flow'rs.

There is a vision haunts the breast
That never will depart,
It will not die, it cannot fade,
But just as wears the heart.
How fond we fold the curtains round,
Lest other eyes might gaze
Upon our hearts, while we look on
This dream of other days.

The dove, with death within her breast,
Will rise on trembling wings,
And reach the woodlands, where her mate
Upon the green bough sings.
So will the fond heart journey back
Across life's sea of tears,
With Death upon its wake, to find
Its Love of early years.

WHEN DEW-DROPS FELL SOFT.

When dew-drops fell soft over tree-top and tower,
And the nightingale sung o'er his zephyr-rocked nest,
I plucked the queen rose from her fairy-watched bower,
And placed it all dewy and fair on my breast.
"There blossom," I cried, "till the sad dreamy night
Shall melt into smiles on the lips of the dawn."
When morning burst on my dreams of delight,
The rose was still there, but the odor was gone.

Sad type of this earth, that, with rosiest bloom
Leads captive the spirit, that day after day
Pursues thy bright phantoms, till close by the tomb,
Like a sweet dream of boyhood, they vanish away.
Look aloft! look aloft! where yon star softly gleams,
Like the beacon of Hope on the bosom of even;
The spirit's desire — aye, her sunniest dreams,
Shall be all realized in the glories of Heaven.

YOU SAY I NEVER SING OF YOU.

You say I never sing of you,
And so you think my heart grown cold,
But 't is not to the million view
Its sacredness should be unroll'd.
Ours is that mystic love divine,
Which can be felt but can't be sung,
That glows within the spirit's shrine,
Where bridal veils are round it flung.

Thou 'rt throned upon my highest thought
Thro' all the frettings of the day,
To chase from its dominions aught
Debasing or impure away :
As the parch'd earth drinks the dew,
And meets the morn a rosier bride,
So do I rise from dreams of you,
More fresh, more free, more purified.

The days seem months, the months are years,
Until we meet no more to part,
But earth seems brighter after tears,
And so again when heart to heart,

Our life shall be a sweeter song
Than poet ever dreamt or sung;
But love shall to the heart belong,
And not unto the tripping tongue.

THEY LIE WHO TELL US LOVE HAS WINGS.

They lie who tell us Love has wings
To fly away when pressed by sorrow,
That as he flies he gaily sings :
“ I ’ll come, if the sun shines, to-morrow ! ”
For, Nelly dear, do we not know
That gentle, heav’nly Love reposes
Upon the iron couch of woe
As sweet as in his bed of roses ?

There is a spirit men call Love,
That owes its birth to sordid passion,
That flutters, like a moth, above
And round the gilded shrine of fashion.
This is he that plumes his wings
And flies the field when pressed by sorrow ;
This is he that lightly sings :
“ I ’ll come, if the sun shines, to-morrow . ”

But Love that from his bower on high
 Poets have woo'd in spirit vision,
 That brings the glories of the sky
 Earthwards on his gentle mission, —
 Grows brighter as the night comes on,
 Sings sweeter when dull woes invade us,
 And when dark clouds obscure the sun,
 His pinions closely overshadow us.

Let Fortune, Summer Nymph, depart,
 Let hopes prove false and sorrows lower,
 They cannot settle round the heart
 Where Love has built his rosy bower ;
 Old Time may steal from Beauty's crown
 The diamond Youth, that beams so splendid,
 But Love will smooth each wrinkle down,
 And sing of youth when time is ended.

Then here 's to Love ! that closely knits
 True hearts with bonds that naught can sever ;
 That at the helm thro' tempests sits,
 And guides us down Life's chequered river ;
 That stands upon Death's frowning steep,
 And flings his light across the billow ;
 That sings us to our cradle sleep,
 And softly smooths our dying pillow.

THE SPRING-TIME IN IRELAND.

Upon the airy hill tops, behold the Spring-time stand ;
Pausing in her pilgrimage of Beauty thro' the land !
Soothing down the cold north-winds with melodies so
 sweet,
Changing into dewy tears old Winter's piercing sleet.
Beneath her smiles the icy chains melt from the prison'd
 floods,
And like freed schoolboys they go bounding, shouting
 thro' the woods !
The birds, like dreams across the soul, flit 'neath the
 blue skies bright,
And the gentle flow'rs, like timid maids, come blushing
 into light !

Spring need waste but little smiling, little sunshine, to
 beguile
The bloom from out the mellow bosom of the old Green
 Isle,
Where Winter comes, half smiling, thro' light, soft feathery
 show'rs,
Whose noiseless tread upon the hills doth scarcely shroud
 the flow'rs,

Where beauty lulls the tempests that kiss her magic coast,
And the Robin sings his summer hymns in the face of
Lady Frost,

Where the spirit dances in the eye, and the heart is in the
hand,

And the stranger gets the Welcome by the hearths of our
old land!

O Heavenly Spring! had I thy pow'r to call life from
decay,

I'd like to go a-roving thro' some churchyards far away,
How softly I'd come tapping to the tomb where my love
lies,

Singing thro' the cypress boughs: "Awake, my love,
arise!

The mists that hung around the hills doth fold and float
away,

Melting like the starless night on the lips of morning gray!
The Gael are on the mountain tops, and swear thou shalt
be queen,

And thou shalt yet outshine them all when crown'd with
shamrock green."

I would I were within those vales, in youth's clear, cloud-
less noon,

Barefooted and lighthearted, running 'gainst the wild March
moon,

Or skimming up the mountain side wind-footed as the roe,
Leaving the earth with all her cares and misty dreams
below.

To feel the winds that walk the hills just loosen'd from
the sky,

And cull the freshness from their lips as they go hurrying
by ;

With youth's white soul within my breast, and every link
unriven —

Of the rosy chain of innocence that bound me then to
Heaven !

'T is many a year since I beheld, across the waters blue,
Thy sunny shores, my Fatherland, fade softly from my
view ;

Thy daisied hills dissolving into the dreary night —

Like doves beneath a raven's wing, they melted from my
sight !

But the winds as they came piping from thy lips across
the sea,

Kept singing old sweet melodies and memories of thee ;

And oft they come a-wooing my spirit in my dreams,

And lead me down, a careless boy, beside thy wanton
streams.

Now a thousand witching memories are playing round my heart—

A thousand dreamy memories that never will depart,
With their wooing and beguiling, and silver voices sweet,
Until they lead my heart away to many an old retreat.
They sing of Munster vallies, the Patron and the dance,
Till 'neath the spreading oak I see the village maids
advance ;

As the piper tips the chanter, forth the liquid numbers
roll,

And “The Wind that shook the Barley” comes sweeping
o'er my soul.

As the snow beneath this April sun is melting into tears,
I feel my spirit thawing out from the frost of dreary years;
And Fancy lends her buoyant wings, and with the soft
west wind,

I float aback Life's ruffled stream the dreams of youth to
find.

Love sweeps the dew from moldy lips, and paints them as
of yore,

And many a friend flings off the shroud to meet me on the
shore ;

With shamrocks green and daisies decked, together hand
in hand,

We follow the glad Spring-time through the vallies of our
land!

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

The witching hour when Daylight hies
To rest unto the halls of night,
And Evening opes her starry eyes
And floods the soul with love's own light;
I wander thro' a land of dreams,
O'er high, green hills, by crystal streams,
And all the olden friends I knew
Wander, sad and silent, too ;
But they are phantoms by the streams,
And live but in this Land of Dreams.

I cannot bear the wild sunlight,
And mope all through the garish day,
Till, summoned by the beauteous Night,
My spirit leaves her home of clay,
And basks beneath those moonlit skies
Where, at her call, the dead arise—
And there we wander, side by side,
Nor Time nor Death cannot divide ;
But they are phantoms by the streams,
And live but in this Land of Dreams.

We are all dead throughout the day —
Some buried 'neath the earth's control,
And others buried 'neath its clay —
At night we rise up, soul to soul.
The grave may hide from mortal sight
The beauty of God's living light,
But 'neath the spirit gaze of hope
Its gloomy portals softly ope —
And lo ! the hills and crystal streams
Are brighter than our wildest dreams.

THE FLIGHT OF FREEDOM.

Freedom, hunted like the hind,
And all but soul and honor lost,
Set sail before the eastern wind,
And landed on Columbia's coast.
And, standing on her rocky steep,
Waved high her torch above the deep ;
And to the music of the sea
Our land was wed to Liberty.

When tyrants followed on her track,
Uprose our Fathers in their might,
And hurled those hireling cohorts back
In many a wild and gallant fight.
Ah ! by her side how oft they 've stood,
Through many a field of fire and blood,
Through the battle's sulphurous breath,
Into the very jaws of death.

Through piercing sleet and blinding hail,
Through fevered swamps and gloomy gorge,
Let's follow up their crimson trail,
From Bunker's Hill to Valley Forge.
And out upon the driven snow
Behold their hot blood redly flow ;
And, as their eyes feel death's eclipse,
Their country's name upon their lips.

Nations name them but to bless ;
Through the earth their deeds are sung,
Though planted in the wilderness
The seed from which this Tree has sprung.
Through our country's sunless years
'T was nurtured by their blood and tears ?
Till millions march beneath its boughs
And sing unto the dead their vows.

Columbia, from every steep
That frowns along thy rugged coast,
Long may thy fires shine o'er the deep,
As beacons to earth's tempest-tost ;
A thousand barques doth plough the sea,
Whose guiding light is all from thee ;
And each within her bosom bears
A Nation's Hopes, a Nation's Prayers.

LET US ALL BE LOVING.

The stream of life is wildly fleeing down the slope of
time,

Bearing on its surging bosom barques from every clime,
And we 're but waiting for the voice to bid us bear away,
Then let us all be loving the little while we stay.

Why should we don such frantic airs, as though some fiend
had given

Our spirits power wherewith to mock the majesty of
Heaven—

Poor moonlight phantoms gliding o'er life's surging wave,
Boating down in gilded coffins to the silent grave ?

The vallies of our father-land beneath the summer sun,
Burst on the sight like Eden when the gates of light are
won ;

The rivers of our childhood dance wild through meadows
gay—

Where are the friends that roamed their banks with us at
morning gray ?

Now stand upon this sunny steep, and bend thine eyes
beneath,

Behold them swiftly gliding to the sleepy shores of death ;
Some are passing—some have passed—and we have but a
day,

Then let us all be loving the little while we stay.

O, war, when shall thy raven wing be folded 'neath the
palm ?

Or when shall life's tempestuous sea melt down to summer
calm,

And nations, hand in hand, go forth beneath the smiles of
peace,

And love reign in the hearts of men, and foul contention
cease ?

How slow the world unfolds her heart to the golden light
of love ;

How slow the shadowy vulture yields his sceptre to the
dove ;

And men forsake the paths of truth to grope 'midst fear
and doubt,
Shutting their souls in the world's broad noon to keep
Heaven's sunlight out.

Then burst cold Fashion's chilling bonds, and take thy
brother's hand,
We're all but travelers journeying unto the better land;
Let's pitch our tents beneath the palms that skirt life's
rugged way,
And tune our hearts to kindness the little while we stay.

WHEN NIGHT UNFURLS HER RAVEN WING.

FROM THE IRISH.

“When night unfurls her raven wing,
And low to Heaven I bend the knee,
Prayer dies upon my burning lip,
So full is my fond soul of thee;
Or if on wings of Faith I soar,
Up to the spirit's native skies,
Each angel wears thy gentle face,
Each star reminds me of thine eyes.

“Like some dark spirit, lorn and lost,
I roam’d the world’s bleak wilderness,
The sport of Passion’s wanton airs,
No voice to cheer, no smiles to bless;
Till softly thro’ life’s clouded sky
I first beheld thy bright eyes gleam,
Then fled all gloom, and Love broke in
Upon my soul like some sweet dream !

“But now the world seems strangely fair,
On every side new beauties rise,
The flowers have donn’d a richer hue
Since Love lent me his dreamy eyes.
The winds that kiss thy fragrant lips
Die softly at the pearly door ;
The birds that hear thy silver song
Will rouse the sleepy woods no more.”

Thus sung I in my boyhood’s days,
When passion fired my Gaelic blood, ,
And has old Time, with chilling wings
And wintry winds, subdued the flood?
No ; Time, as o’er my heart he flew,
But fanned the flame he meant to kill ;
The fire once lit on Love’s sweet shrine
Is burning high and wildly still.

O that the Heart must still love on,
E'en tho' its love be coldly spurned ;
• And cling to Hopes—old sunny hopes
That long ago were all o'turned !
Thus do I sit and dream of thee
Out in the leaden noon of night,
No star to cheer Life's dreary sky,
But the memory of thy blue eyes bright !

I curse the fate that led me first
Within the circle of those eyes ;
I curse the hope that in my breast
First falsely flatter'd Love to rise ;
Were I beside youth's witching stream,
And were my heart once free from pain,
I 'd — plunge into the surging flood
To live but in thy smiles again !

The hot South wind floats sadly by,
He is the night flower's lover blest,
And soon she 'll ope her odorous lips,
And soft he 'll die upon her breast !
But I must sigh unto the night,
And kiss my Love but in my dreams,
And see her eyes but in the stars,
And hear her voice but in the streams !

THE HUDSON, RHINE, AND SHANNON.

When traitors to their sacred trust,
With Satan's self to lead 'em,
Polluted in the very dust
Our starry flag of Freedom,
Three comrades true sprang into line,
And manned a glowing cannon —
One from Hudson, one from Rhine,
And one from by the Shannon.

Along the banks of Rapidan,
From Fair Oaks to Antietam,
Where'er the tide of battle ran,
We met the foe and beat 'em ;
And through the battle's fiercest breath,
Those three stood by their cannon,
For they had learned to laugh at death
By Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon.

They were true brothers in one cause,
For they were sons of Freedom ;
They fought for human rights and laws,
Where'er she chose to lead 'em ;

As meet and blend, in God's deep sea,
The Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon,
So blent their souls in liberty—
Brave comrades of the cannon.

Three soldiers fell in one rich tide ;
Their hot blood stained the heather.
Their comrades laid them, side by side,
In one red grave together.
Soft fall the dews upon their clay,
True comrades of the cannon,
Who sleep in death so far away
From Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon.

Comrades ! around our camp-fires bright,
Here 's to our starry banner,
That flies across the brow of night —
God's choicest blessings fan her !
And, while men worship Freedom's name,
They 'll man each deck and cannon ;
And fight for Freedom all the same,
By Hudson, Rhine, or Shannon.

HOME MUSINGS.

The Mississippi swept in pride beneath
The hill, upon whose jagged side I stood,
But gazing o'er, far o'er the surging flood,
I saw green Ireland's hills and dewy heath :
Wild youth came bounding up the mountain side,
And many a joy came following in his train,
Old hopes went smiling down the silver tide
That but in Fancy's realms could bloom again !
Like a mother's voice upon my dreaming ear
I heard the Shannon's soft-lipped murmurings —
An old air stealing over Memory's strings
That but the lorn of heart could feel or hear !
And, sitting down upon the mountain gray,
I wept for days and friends long pass'd away.

How many a heart that once beat time
To the immortal strains of Love and Liberty,
That caught the spirit of those dreams sublime
Which poets dreamt, O Shannon stream, by thee,
Now sleep, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung,"
Far from the valleys of their morning's love,
No song of praise falls sweet from Gaelic tongue,
Nor Keener sways their lone, wild graves above.

But out beneath this yellow harvest moon,
There are Irish Mothers on the hills to-night,
Breaking the stillness of night's sleepy noon
In praise of eyes that once shone soft and bright,
Of cheeks that rivaléd the apple's blooms,
And fine hearts moldering in their foreign tombs.

As sunny streams from many lands take birth,
Yet meet and blend their waters in the sea,
Thus, tho' our bodies sleep in home or foreign earth,
Our souls shall meet and blend, O God! in thee.
No corner so obscure in trackless wastes or woods,
But opens to the searching glance of Him above,
Whose ear doth catch above the howling floods
Man's faintest prayer of penitencè or love!
O beauteous Faith! thro' which we feel and know
When most remote from man we're nearest heaven,
And though we sail Life's sea in joy or woe,
Our barques by zephyrs or wild whirlwinds driven,
When this short, fretting day will end in night,
We'll ride at anchor in some harbor of delight!

THE OUTLAW'S SERENADE.

In Luggelaw, along the lake,
In lines of light the moonbeams play,
Then, dearest, from thy dreams awake,
And fly unto the hills away.
I've built a bower by the streams;
I'll show you where the wild deer flee;
Then rise in beauty from thy dreams —
If you love me, follow me.

In vain I sue for balmy sleep —
I'm ever haunted by your eyes;
All night I walk the hills and weep,
And thy spirit, my love, before me flies.
And with my thoughts all full of you,
I bare my heart to the skies above,
And the stars of night they rain cool dew
On my soul's burning love.

Many a weary league I've come,
With Saxon sleuth-hounds tracking me;
There's death around your Father's home,
But worse than death away from thee.

Then, light of my life, come forth, my love,
The stars are in the midnight skies ;
I once knew light and heaven above,
But now I feel them in your eyes.

The wanton day begins to break —
Come, with the shadows let us fly ;
Your father's clansmen soon will wake,
Then at your feet I 'll fall and die.
My dove, you come ! — leap bold and light —
Now, Rover, fly like the mountain wind,
You bear the light of my life to-night,
But death will ride not far behind.

Now, gallant steed, for the war-horse tramp
Which you gave on that summer day
When we rode thro' the Saxon camp,
And bore their flag of red away ;
And when our journey will be done,
And the gay green woods once more we 'll see
Tossing their plumes in the morning sun,
We 'll hurra for the hills and liberty.

BOW THE HEAD AND BEND THE KNEE.

“ Bow the head, and bend the suppliant knee,
All ye that tremble at the despot's breath ;
But ere we cringe or stoop to tyranny,
We 'll sleep our own green daisied sod beneath.

“ 'T is sweeter drink the dungeon's poison dew,
That never quiver'd in the summer sun,
Than live 'neath skies of sunniest tint and hue,
Where freedom's fount doth cold and sickly run.”

Thus sang our fathers' fathers years ago,
When men had souls, and marched with pride to death,
When charging on their foes in vales below,
Like torrents sweeping from the misty heath.

The spirit of the mighty past is dead,
Or to the hero-land of shadows flown ;
We walk the earth with dull and sluggish tread,
And dare not call our very souls our own.

Who meanest live are most afraid to die,
Tho' the grave is brighter than their hearths and homes
Whose fires are quench'd in tears of agony,
Their spirits droop like willows over tombs.

Oh! ye who bled for land and liberty,
Whose spirits walk the misty fields of death,
Ye are not dead — ye live, ye breathe; 't is we
Who 're dead that soulless walk your native heath.

We are not men, we 're common clay — we 're stones,
And strown along our tyrants' flowr'y way,
Whose iron heels do grind our very bones,
To enrich the land where nought but men decay.

Oh! for the spirit of our long-dead sires.
That burst indignant at the sight of chains!
Oh! for red war's promethean lightning fires,
To rouse the sluggish blood within our veins!

Hold up your head, you stalwarth son of toil —
What work is this you and your brothers do?
You sweat to till and sow the stubborn soil,
But do you reap the golden harvest, too?

There is a shadow shutting out the sun,
That robs your cheek of all its ruddy glow;
There is a Raven marking, one by one,
The seed your cunning hands so careful sow.

Kind heaven may send its dewy tears and rain,
And wheat droop brown, and fruit hang juicy red ;
The Robber comes and takes both fruit and grain,
The while your children ask and die for bread.

But the day of wrath and reckoning is at hand ;
Men wake and wonder they 've been duped so long.
“ *The hand that guides the plough should own the land,*”
And so at last they sing the poet's noblest song.

I hear the gallant tramp of martial men —
Our country's life is in this earnest tread —
I see them filing through each narrow glen,
And gathering, silent, to each mountain head.

Let tyrants revel while the nation falls,
And dance to the lute's lascivious notes,
But Freedom stalks within their very halls—
The hunted wolves are crouching for their throats.

Fall into line—the chase will soon be up—
To unearth each tyrant from his golden den,
And pledge we round in love the sacred cup,
The toast is, “ Death or Freedom to all Men.”

The days that poets sang we 'll live to see—
The prelude to their birth 's already heard ;
The world at last is ripe for liberty,
As tyrants are for the avenging sword.

LOOK UP.

In our journey through life we should never look down,
But, like the Green Ivy, smile over decay,
For when cold misfortune stands ready to frown,
Bright rainbow-winged joy comes to chase her away.
Tho' ills may beset us on life's chequered road —
Tho' the way be drear, and the night coming on,
'T is cheering to know that the better abode
Will break on the soul when earth's daylight is gone.

How oft have I caroled when sorrow stood by,
Fond lays dedicated to Friendship and Love,
For while the clouds lowered 'twixt my soul and the sky,
I knew the bright sun beamed in glory above.
'T is true, I have wept over spirits long flown,
When, softly, calm memory whispered me back,
Where, thro' the green valleys, in days that were gone,
Hand in hand we unraveled youth's beautiful track.

As the tempest-tossed mariner thirsts for repose,
When the green sloping headlands rise fondly in sight,
And in visions of bliss soon forgets his past woes —
The loud angry sea melts to scenes of delight ;
So, as life's ruffled journey draws on to its close,
And the fetters that bind us to earth are nigh riven —
When the spirit is thirsting for endless repose,
Life's ills are soon lost in sweet visions of heaven.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

The Summer folded her mantle round her
And swept the forests bare,
The rose on her breast, no thorn to wound her,
Sweet clover blossoms and daisies bound her
Golden flowing hair ;
She bore all bloom and beauty with her,
All things sweet and fair,
And left the tree-tops naked, shivering
In Autumn's icy air.

When Summer enters and shakes the roses
From her sunny wings,
And by some whispering stream reposes,
Some tell-tale stream that half discloses

Her soul's rich murmurings ;
When wondrous songs of joy are floating
From nature's secret springs,
No wonder that we love the Summer
For the joy she brings.

The gray mists hang, like veils of mourning,
Around the hill-tops high,
The birds, old Autumn's low winds spurning,
Are to their Southern woods returning —
I would to God that I
Could flit with the birds and the gorgeous Summer,
On wings of love I'd fly
Back, where the woods are blooming
Under an Irish sky !

How oft thro' the vales we've gaily bounded
In beauty's festive reign,
And sung till the gray old woods resounded,
And we seemed by mocking nymphs surrounded,
Who threw us back again
Our songs of joy ; and the hot winds trembling
With love's rich passion, pain,
Were afaint with the breath of the burning flowers
That sighed for the cooling rain.

A sad farewell to the gorgeous Summer,
 To hills and vales adieu ;
The forests tremble, for the yellow comer
Comes not to them like the gentle Summer,
 All smiles and skies of blue,
But bears decay on his cold features ;
 The flowers doth lose their hue,
Drinking, 'stead of sparkling sunshine,
 Autumn's churchyard dew.

Ere she comes again, should our souls grow weary
 And burst their leaden ties,
And fly earth's woodlands cold, uncheery —
Her deserts bleak, her mountains dreary,
 Her ever changing skies,
Then may they on the buoyant pinions
 That Faith supplies,
Soar upward to God's own dominions,
 Where Summer never dies !

THE PAST.

The flowers that blossomed on the hills
 Are softly gathered to decay —
The birds that sang within the woods,
 Like golden hopes, have passed away !

But oh, my heart ! I do not sigh
O'er withered flowers or song-birds flown,
But for the joyous days gone by,
And many a friend long dead and gone ;
For Spring will come, and birds and flowers
Will follow in her festive train —
But will she ope the moss-grown tombs
And light the orbs, long dimm'd, again ?

There is no change in aught save Man,
The hills still wear their sunny looks,
And though long years have passed away,
The same old songs float from the brooks ;
But sitting on their sloping banks,
And gazing o'er the waters blue,
I look for many a festive scene,
And but the churchyard meets my view ;
And as the Summer sunbeams dance
Lightly through the mourning yew,
The names deep graven on my heart
I see them on the tombstones, too !

Oh ! blest are they whose sinless souls
Do early seek the resting place ;
As dew-drops to the morning sun,
So mount they up to God's embrace !

While sailing o'er life's glassy tide,
Our barque by soft-lipped zephyrs driven,
The world, with all her golden cares,
Comes floating 'twixt our souls and heaven ;
And when the night comes lowering down
Around our path, too late we find
A shoreless sea frowns dark before,
And the land of palms lies far behind !

We know the soul seeks milder climes
When wearied of this world of sighs,
As summer birds from Northern lands
Do fly away to Southern skies ;
But, pausing in the festive dance,
'T is sad to hear the slow bells chime,
While Death roves thro' the woodlands green
To pluck the leaves in blooming time —
To call upon some hallowed name
Whose owner slumbers in the bier —
To sit and list for evermore
The light footfall we cannot hear.

Oh ! many a joy forever fled
Comes dancing round the genial bowl,
As Memory opes her gates of gold,
And floods her radiance o'er the soul.

Many an eye long dimmed in death
Flings off its drowsy, dull eclipse —
And oft we feel the fragrant breath
Of Love's first kiss upon our lips ;
Old Christmas fires, long quenched in tears,
Spring from the hearth, and in their rays
We tread the hills of youth again,
In the light of childhood's happy days !

BUILD NOT YOUR HOPES ON LIFE'S DREAR
WASTE.

Build not your hopes on life's drear waste,
For Time rides on its simoon breath,
And by his side the leveler, Death,
And soon your hopes will be erased.

Kings have raised proud pageants gay,
To check the untiring tread of Time,
But, like some village festive chime,
Their names and fanes have passed away.

As to the shore wave follows wave,
The last succeeding in its course the past,

The next obliterates the last —
So generations follow to the grave.

The very earth that yields us bread
Is all our fathers' withered clay,
That felt and laugh'd above decay,
As we do now above them dead.

Beneath the yew the bright flowers wave
Coquettish in the evening wind,
But down beneath the flowers you 'll find
The fond hearts moldering in the grave.

And thus the world conceals her woe,
And ever seems a fair young bride,
Decking her graves with flowers, to hide
The rottenness and death below.

We 're born — we laugh — we live — we die ;
As swallows cleave the viewless wind,
And leave no trace or track behind,
We 're lost in th' unknown immensity.

And as the red earth settles down
Upon our moldering clay,

So do our memories fade away,
Like petals from the roses blown.

They plant the cypress overhead ;
And underneath its waving boughs
Love will breathe his passion vows,
And friends will laugh when we are dead.

Away in old earth's misty time,
When Roman pride and Roman lust
Trampled nations in the dust,
Her march barbarity sublime,

O'er many a ruined shepherd home
She raised her fanes of bone and blood,
And on their summits Glory stood,
Crying, Rome, eternal Rome !

She raised her temples and her throne ;
Her flag of triumph was unfurled
Above a wond'ring, ruined world,
But in her heart decay was sown.

Time passed upon his tireless wings —
He looked, and neath his withering frown
Temples and altars tumbled down,
Like vain and transitory things.

He read the names upon each stone,
And thought of nations crucified
To glut their greed, and pomp, and pride;
He breathed upon them —they were gone! —

Yes, temples, palaces, altars, thrones —
All crushed by the Almighty hand,
And buried in their graves of sand —
That once were raised o'er nations' bones.

Rome, the mighty! sits in widowhood
Amid the ruins of her lust,
Her regal head bowed in the dust,
Like matron 'mid her slaughtered brood.

If all the glory of the earth,
The Arch, the Monument, the Urn,
To dust and nothingness return,
Shall man lie down and curse his birth?

No! life and soul to man were given,
Not for sighing over tombs,
Not to waste o'er garden blooms,
But to swing the dark earth close to heaven.

Let princes pile their marble o'er the dead,
While man, forlorn, sad and poor,

Is weary, fainting at their door —
A golden pillow makes a restless head.

Shall the spirit wed herself to earth?
She must aspire to grander things;
'T is not from common dust she springs —
Hers is a high, immortal birth.

Ne'er trail your manhood in the dust,
Nor pause for coward, craven fear,
Nor blush nor halt for cynic sneer,
But take your stand beside the just.

'Then "Upward" let your motto be —
And, proud and joyous, let your life
Flow out in some ennobling strife
For God and human liberty.



FLEETING JOYS OF EARTH.

Earth's finest joys are fleetest,
Her pleasures end in sorrow,
The brightest lights of morning
Are soonest wrapt in gloom,
The kindest and the sweetest

May flourish till to-morrow,
Then Death, for his adorning,
Doth bear them to the tomb.
With young hearts proudly dancing,
With buoyant hopes advancing,
We breast life's ruffled waters to reach some earthly bourne,
But soon those hopes deceiving,
The heart grows old in grieving.
In grieving for the golden days that never can return.

Summer, with her roses,
May hide the yew's dark tresses,
The syren song of pleasure
May lull the voice of woe,
But sorrow ne'er reposes,
Nor yields to love's caresses,
But fills her druggéd measure
To revelers below;
And oft, when tempest driven,
We touch some sunny haven
Where the soul may dream of peace, while without the
mad winds rave,
But o'er the wild waves, sunward,
Some voice is crying "Onward"—
The soul's dream must be realized in fields beyond the
grave.

O Faith! beneath whose glances
The grave flings off her shadows,
That cannot hide the glory
Bursting through decay!
The fairest hope that dances
Laughing o'er life's meadows,
At the tomb, like fairy story,
Falsely melts away,
But, standing by death's river,
Thou cheerest the traveler over
Where 'neath the sacred palms the living waters roll.
I breast those waves, relying
On thy bright beams undying—
O Earth! fling not thy shadows 'twixt heaven and my soul!

CAPTAIN O'HAY.

The long day of battle and carnage was over,
The spirit of silence came down with the Night
Who flung her dark mantle of shadows to cover
The long-gaping wounds and the blood from her sight.
The hour was past nine, for the taps had just sounded,
And we thought of the brave boys who fell thro' the
day,

As we marched to the field for to bring in the wounded,
And bury the dead on the ground where they lay.

The light-fingered wind swept the pall from the night, and
The stars, like the bright eyes of angels, came forth,
And the field of the dead by the pale moon was lightened
As soft as she shone o'er our homes in the North,
When bright 'neath the moon on our path shone a cannon—
The dead round in heaps told the tale of the day —
And over its glare, faint and sad, leant a man on ;
We raised up his head — it was Captain O'Hay.

Captain O'Hay was a soldier from Erin,
With a hand made of iron, an eye glancing fire ;
His was a spirit that never knew fear in,
The first to attack and the last to retire.
His voice, loud in fight, in the camp was so mellow,
As he sang the sweet songs of the days that were flown,
He won all our hearts — such a free, manly fellow —
We loved him as tho' he was one of our own.

As we raised up his head, and his eyes fell upon us,
The old fire of battle shone steady and bright :
“ Why, Perry, and Ditson, and Stanly, and Manus,
And Colonel De Burrow, and Captain — all right !

In sighting this gun I received a stray bullet —

They 'd picked off the boys as each stood to his post —
My arm here feels stiff and cold ; sergeant, just pull it —
So — I feared that the day and the battle were lost.

“ I 'm glad that you 've come, for my spirit is pluming
Her wings for her flight thro' the valley of gloom ;
All these long weary hours have I prayed for your coming
To cheer with your presence the path to the tomb.
Blithe comrades in camp and brave soldiers in danger,
True friends, nay, true brothers, baptized in the grand
Red font of Liberty, think of the stranger
Who fought neath 'your banner and died for your land :

“ How, oft in the mess when his heart seemed the lightest,
When he sang those gay songs, has his soul been in
tears,
When his mirth was the wildest, his eyes sparkled
brightest —

'T was the mem'ry and fire of the long-vanished years.
How, oft 'neath the rat-tat of musketry's rattle,
When the cannon belched fire and death at his command,
Has he prayed that his life would leap out in some battle
On his own native hills for his own native land.

“When thro’ the green vales the Reveille is sounding,
And bugle-notes ring in the long-wished-for day,
When the men of my land down the hillsides come bounding,
Who ’ll answer the roll call for Captain O’Hay?”
A dozen bright sabres flew out of their sheathing,
A dozen bronzed lips kissed them, each shouting “I!”
He looked on his comrades, proud, brave, but unbreathing;
His spirit had passed from the earth to the sky.

We dug him a grave ’neath his own shining cannon,
And laid him to rest with his sword by his side,
Far away from the banks of the soft-flowing Shannon,
In the strength of his years and the flush of his pride.
Brave hearts and true souls, shrined in song and in story,
Went out, Gettysburg, in thy dark bloody fray,
But no spirit took wing o’er the red tide of glory
As bold as the spirit of Captain O’Hay.

WASHINGTON’S NAME.

Let nations grown old in the annals of glory
Retrace their proud flights through long cycles of years,
And cull with fond hand from the pages of story
Every name that for honor and virtue appears —

Bring them forth, round their brows all their victories
gleaming,

Every deed gathered up from the echoes of Fame ;
And as stars disappear in the sun's golden beaming,
They 'll pale in the light of great Washington's name.

As we lift up the veil where those heroes lie sleeping,
And gaze on the trophies their prowess has won,
Beside them sit Virtue and Liberty weeping,
Whose tears dim their glories like spots on the sun.
Some spirit hath made it her heavenly duty
To guard from dishonor one pathway to fame ;
Not a shadow or tint dims the soft wondrous beauty
That shines like a halo round Washington's name.

When Liberty's trumpet tones leaped from the mountains,
His sword was the first that encountered the foe ;
When the soft light of Peace floated up from her fountains,
His was the soul felt its earliest glow.
The fondest in love and the fiercest in glory,
Neath his frown wild Ambition slunk back to her den ;
And of all that shine down in tradition or story,
He stands high alone o'er the children of men.

Earth's proudest and greatest kings, heroes, and sages,
That rise for a time o'er man's general doom,

And shine down the light and the spirit of ages,
At length will go down to the dust of the tomb;
But long as a banner to Freedom is flying,
No shadow can rest on his sunshine of fame,
For Glory has crowned him with beauty undying,
And time can but brighten great Washington's name.

INNISHOWEN.

No wonder I do weep and sigh, as here alone
I sadly stray thro' forests gray, unlov'd, unknown.
Oh for the rays of boyhood's days, bright days long flown,
The waving woods, and the rushing floods of Innishow'n!

The woe and tears of dreary years have worn away
That sterner part which round my heart thro' manhood
lay,
And, like a child that's roamed the wild and tired grown,
I sit and sigh for days gone by in Innishow'n.

The mountain streams dance through my dreams in silver
song —
As leaping light the liquid bright laughs down among

The dark glens wild where oft, a child, I've wandered
thro',
Ere sorrow gave her poisoned wave for summer dew.

From hill and vale the Clon na Gael have sadly fled ;
The cold footfall of Saxon Gall disturbs the dead ;
How must they feel 'neath Saxon heel ? ochone ! ochone !
The rook finds rest in the eagle's nest in Innishow'n.

Should Cahir come from his moss-grown tomb to Coul-
dah's side,
And from the height look down beneath, where true men
died,
How would he sigh as days gone by came rushing on,
To find how slaves can tread the graves of lions gone !

Oh Liberty ! when shall we see thy smiles again ?
Both night and day we watch and pray, and look in vain.
How many years, through woe and tears we've braved
the storm,
In heart and mind we've kept enshrined thy sacred form.

'T is true that we were false to thee and to the dead,
Else from where first thy youth was nursed thou 'dst never
fled —

That, while we slept, foul tyrants crept and bound the
chains

Which tinged the flood of Gaelic blood within our veins.

But Liberty, when Tyranny was on thy track,
The blood and bone of Innishow'n were at thy back —
From mount and glen came stalwart men, each heart thine
own —

What foe would dare the wolf-dog's lair in Innishow'n?

Those were the times when clashing chimes from hungry
swords

Fell on the ears of mountaineers like sweetest words ;
When Freedom found her native ground was on the heath,
Where men grown bold thro' legends old did play with
death.

But long ago by want and woe fond ties were riv'n ;
A scattered host on e'ry coast they're tempest driv'n :
But still they bear thro' toil and care the stamp and tone
That freemen bore in days of yore thro' Innishow'n.

Green Innisfail ! one of the Gael, that ne'er may see
The golden days when thou shalt raise thy proud head free,
Stands by the shore and gazing o'er the deep, wide sea,
Thus fills the cup of true love up, and drinks to thee !

LOVE AND YOUTH.

Love and Youth came tripping o'er the meadows on a day
When the wild bees were sipping honey dew from the
 flow'rs,
And the long grass scarce bent as they caroled on their way ;
 But it 's fallen long ago 'neath the sweep of the mowers.
The flowers flung their spirit to the wanton summer wind,
 And the birds sang their loves in the green swinging
 boughs,
As Love and Youth passed onward and never gazed behind ;
 'T was the holiday of Nature, all odors, songs and vows.
Sweet spirits twain, from fairy land, that light this earth of
 ours,
 Long have I watch'd and waited your journeying this
 way ;
By the cooling streams I 've built you the rosiest of bowers,
 With winding paths, where shame-faced Love can shun
 the garish day.
Many a dream of beauty and of happiness to come
 Have I had in these summer woods, sweet Youth and
 Love, of you,
When your presence, like a glory, should consecrate my
 home,
 And lend eternal blooming, green fields and skies of blue.

Then Youth, he lightly smiled and his cheeks were apple
red,

And his eyes flashed bright as stars, and his teeth shone
like the pearls,

And his voice was sweeter far than the song-birds overhead,
While the summer wind was kissing and tossing his fair
curls,

And said, "My comrade, Love, sometimes nestles in the
heart,

Being rather sentimental, oft he pauses on his way,
But 'Onward' is my motto, so adieu, for we must part,
No tears, nor sighs, nor sentiment can flatter me to stay."

So he press'd Love's pouting lips and he kissed his hand
to me,

And he flung us fond adeos all so heartless and so gay,
Then passed along the meadows, singing "Happy, light
and free ;"

Treating us together in a cavalierish way.

When he paused upon the hill top to take a glance behind,
The flow'rs assumed a richer hue, the sunshine seem'd
more bright,

The music of his silver voice came tripping on the wind,
Then, like a dream of morning, he vanish'd from our
sight.

Love made my cot his home, but in roaming thro' the
bow'rs

Many a time he paused, and oft, when wandering alone,
He kiss'd the morning dewdrops from the red lips of the
flow'rs,

And wept for darling Youth and the days that were gone ;
Their journeyings thro' the meadows, the valleys, by the
streams,

The thrilling of his kisses and the glory of his eyes,
Their restings in the woodlands and the rapture of their
dreams,

Then his tears fell like the summer rain, his soul went
out in sighs.

I watch'd poor Love decaying, growing sadder day by day,
Till in pity I released him from his bondage and his
chains ;

His olden glories flash'd and shone around his sunny way,
The thought of meeting Youth had whipped the hot
blood thro' his veins.

I turned me, sad and thoughtful, to my deserted bowers,
Imprinted deep within my heart the melancholy truth
That Love will sigh in sadness in sunny meads and flowers,
And lives alone upon the lips and in the eyes of Youth.

LIFE'S UNDOING.

Our life's undoing
Is in pursuing
Earth's phantom joys unreal, unkind,
That, changing, dying,
Keep ever flying,
Like clouds before the winter wind :
And while retreating,
Still falsely cheating
Our fancies with their borrowed bloom—
Bloom that, ending,
Leaves us bending,
Poor mourners, sadly o'er the tomb.

From every measure
Laughing pleasure
Flies to meet the am'rous kiss,
But leaden sorrow
Comes to-morrow,
A yew-tree for the grave of bliss.
And still we follow
All those hollow
Joys that wear the garb of mirth,

That flutter lightly
A moment brightly,
Then sink, from where they rose, to earth.

By stream and fountain,
By vale and mountain,
The world is wooing our souls astray,
So true her seeming
We're little dreaming
She's luring onward but to betray !
O ! truant spirit,
Would ye inherit
The endless glory, seek not below.
Lift not your voices
When earth rejoices —
She sings of mirth while she's full of woe.

A fairer vision
Of fields Elysian
Bursts o'er our spirits from brighter skies ;
“ Eternal blooming,
No death consuming
The cherry lips or the beaming eyes,
Youth's crystal river
Flowing bright forever,
Undimmed by shadows from death or time ;”

And shall we follow
Earth's phantoms hollow
While Faith is preaching these truths sublime ?

HOW SOFTLY FALLS SNOW.

How softly falls the virgin snow
On earth's gray withered breast —
Hiding the flowers that far below
Have stolen to their rest ;
Thus, when the bloom of life is past,
And winter comes below,
We sink into our peaceful rest,
As soft as falls the snow.

Beneath the sunny smiles of spring
The white snow melts away,
And wild birds from the green boughs sing
Life's triumph o'er decay ;
Thus shall the soul triumphant rise
As flowers from decay,
And blossom 'neath those summer skies
That will not pass away.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF DERRY.

When I was a bachelor, young and hearty,
 Sporting, raking,
 Merry making,
 In gay delights
 I spent my nights,
The pride of each frolic and party.
I had friends whom I loved and who loved me,
In their kindness who never reproved me ;
 I was full of youth's fires
 And wild desires,
And gave play to each spirit that moved me ;
 My only care
 Was dance and fair,
I was merriest of the merry
 Of all the gay boys,
 For frolic and noise,
In the beautiful City of Derry.

But discontent, like a blight, came o'er me,
 Song and story,
 Gold and glory,
 Mixed in gleams
 Of glowing dreams
Were flowing forever before me.

I resolved to cross o'er the wide ocean,
To carve out wealth and promotion ;
 Come back, make amends
 By enriching my friends —
'T was a wild but a beautiful notion.
 So I bid good by
 To my friends, and I
Kissed my Love's lips of cherry,
 And the very next day
 I sailed away
From the beautiful City of Derry.

I worked on many a winding river,
 Vale and mountain,
 Never counting
 The years go by,
 So sure was I
In my dreaming that fortune would give her
Rich stores of golden treasure,
Pour out her soul without measure.
 I spent my whole life
 In labor and strife,
And fled the gay smiles of pleasure,
 Still dreaming of home
 And bright days to come,

When the boys should all dub me Sir Terry,
And flowing with cash,
I could cut a big dash
In the beautiful City of Derry.

I went to the land where the ore was growing,
Where Fortune 's holding
Her purse at the golden
Gate that leads
To the flowing meads
Where rivers of gold are flowing.
I found the blind goddess so civil,
I struck for the root of all evil ;
My stock in trade
Was a pick and spade,
I 'd have gold or I 'd dig to the devil,
For at every stroke
An angel spoke,
With bright eyes and lips of cherry,
“ We wait for you
O'er the waters blue,
Come back to your friends in Derry.”

At length I surpris'd Miss Fortune smiling —
With the witch's
Smiles came riches

To bless me at last
For the barren past,
And her years of deceit and beguiling ;
And soon o'er the blue waters going,
With fair winds merrily blowing,
The days of my youth,
Like the breath from the south,
Warm, soft round my senses flowing,
By my side on the green
Was Kitty McQueen,
And we danced to the "Humors of Kerry,"
The moonbeams danced too,
As they used to do
In the beautiful City of Derry.

A gorgeous summer night was shaking
Her dark locks over
Her ocean lover,
With pale surprise
She ope'd her eyes
And beheld the morning breaking ;
'T was then o'er the blue waves appearing
We saw the green hills of old Erin,
The sun flung its light
Thro' the shadows of night,
And we hailed the bright omen with cheering.

Into the bay
I sailed that day
And I leapt into a wherry ;
The dream I prized
Was realized —
I was rich in the City of Derry.
I looked around in wildest wonder,
Paused and falter'd,
Things looked alter'd,
In all the place
I knew no face,
The town seemed all battered asunder ;
I asked for my friends in the city,
I searched thro' the maidens for Kitty,
But none heard before
Of the name that I bore,
Till an old man looked on me with pity,
And he says, with surprise,
While the tears filled his eyes,
“ Why, God bless me ! your name must be Terry,
That sailed away
On that long summer's day
When we were both boys in Derry.
“ Many a year your Love sat sighing,
Patient waiting,
Never mating.

Her heart beat true
Alone for you,
She named your name when dying ;
And oft, when the roses were blooming,
And the bees thro' the garden went humming,
The boys used to meet
At the end of the street
And talk with delight of your coming ;
But the long years pass'd on,
And they took, one by one,
The sad, the serene, and the merry ;
Some gone o'er the waves,
And the rest in their graves
In the beautiful City of Derry."

I went to the green, saw the merry making,
Bright eyes glancing,
Light feet dancing,
Dancing, too,
As we used to do ;
They danced on my heart, for I felt it breaking.
I saw the maids green garlands twining,
I thought of a loved one long pining,
I looked for her eyes
To the blue summer skies,
And the stars seem'd in mockery shining.

I asked some sweet girls,
With long, sunny curls,
Were they happy ; they answered me, "very."
Oh, maidens, go pray,
How can you be gay
And so many green graves in Derry ?

I wander away in the shadowy gloaming,
Sadly musing,
Always choosing
The path of glooms
Among the tombs,
And think — do they know I'm coming ?
I sit on the graves where they're sleeping,
Lone watch in return I am keeping ;
And this is the meed
Of worldly greed,
Sorrow, and woe, and weeping.
I'd give all the gold
The ocean could hold
To kiss my Love's lips of cherry,
Be young once more
With friends *galore*,
In the beautiful City of Derry.

WHEN OTHER LIPS WILL FONDLY PROVE.

When other lips will fondly prove,
With soft, seductive tone,
How well the heart can truly love,
Remember him who 's gone.
When their sweet voices softly steal
On the ear like minstrelsy,
Believe them not, thro' woe or weal
They cannot love like me,
Whose guileless tongue cannot reveal
My soul's dear mystery.

Have we not climbed the mountains high,
And gazed upon the sea,
And where the eagle's wings swept by,
You pledged your love to me?
But Love, untrue to early vows,
Has fled his lowly rest,
And in the green and topmost boughs
Has built his gorgeous nest —
'Mong silver leaves and golden boughs
Has built his stately nest.

Oh, Love, all heavenly at thy birth,
How hast thou fallen away

And grown to be a thing of earth —
Of cold, material clay !
And thou wast once a joy divine,
But now, thou earth-controll'd,
A god at whose unhallow'd shrine
True hearts are bought and sold,
Whose eyes have but the diamond's shine,
Whose wings are tipp'd with gold.

THE DEATH OF THE FAVORITE.

We sat beside her bed of pain,
And sad she smiled while we were weeping ;
She said the patting of the rain
Was but the Angels watches keeping.

She spoke of things beyond her age —
We stood in awe, for God was speaking ;
Her vision swept his sacred page
In the light of dawn from heaven breaking,

She talked in such a sad, sweet way,
That all night long our tears were falling ;
She said with us she could not stay,
She heard the spirit voices calling.

Her eyes had caught that wondrous light
Which glows when earthly ties are riven,
Before the soul assumes her flight
Unto her native, cloudless heaven.

And thus we watched her thro' the night,
The last dark night of pain and sorrow;
Her spirit met the morning light,
And Angels bid her sweet good-morrow.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

Lord of the deep! when the loud winds are roaming
Like merciless fiends thro' the terrible sea,
We behold Thee, enraged, on each white mouthed billow,
Writhing in terror in presence of Thee.
When the red lightning tears thro' the midst of disorder,
Like thy wrath chasing sin thro' her foul seething sphere,
From the high throne of faith the soul smiles o'er the
billows,

For she knows, by this terror, great God, Thou art near.

There are soft, tender flow'rs on the bleak, arid desert,
In the bosom of barrenness sweetly they bloom,

Their long, slender petals with dew overladen —
Dew borne on the lips of the burning simoom.
The Power that doth watch o'er the flow'r of the desert,
That guards its poor weakness 'mid billows of sand,
Is still by our side on the tempest-toss'd ocean,
His strength is our anchor — our harbor His hand.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

In our journey thro' life with our friends by our side,
Who can change into smiles the cold frowns of the
world,
Thro' the rapids of strife who can peacefully guide
Our barque o'er the waters with streamers unfurl'd —
Then is life a dream, and its cares are all pleasures,
Our way lies thro' sunshine, our breath is of flow'rs;
Love strikes the harp to his soft flowing measures,
And light round the heart trip the gay, laughing hours.

But, alas ! for the nameless who journey alone
From the vales of their youth amid sorrow and strife,
Like a dream of delight smile the days that are gone,
While around and before frowns the desert of life ;

And stricken and weary they faint by the way,
No soft voice to cheer them, no strong hand to save ;
And toss'd on the bleak waves in anguish they pray
For the presence of death and the rest of the grave.

WHEN YOU MEET BRIGHT EYES.

When you meet bright eyes,
Beware, beware !
For in them there lies
A snare, dark snake,
To flatter the soul
From its heavenly goal,
And smoothen the road to despair —
To sorrow, and death, and despair.

Be they black or blue,
Or brown or gray,
Whatever the hue,
The devil's to pay
If the lightning that's hid
'Neath th' electrical lid
Is arous'd, and leaps forth on your way —
Like a lion leaps forth on its prey.

The devil doth lure
 Poor souls astray,
And plays his game sure
 Full many a way,
But his surest of wiles
Is woman's sweet smiles,
 For the soul loves to yield to their sway —
 Flies to meet them at mischief half-way.

We forsake the path
 That leads to fame,
Incur earth's wrath,
 And woe, and shame,
Fling friends to the wind,
Leave riches behind,
 When the spirit is drunk with love's flame—
 Love's magical, maddening flame.

'T is vain to assay,
 With threat or frown,
To keep them at bay,
 Black, blue or brown,
All must bend at the shrine
Where those lamps of love shine,
 Must suffer, adore, and go down —
 To the dust at her feet must go down.

HOW FALSE AND HOW SWEET.

How false and how sweet
Are the pleasures that greet
Young voyagers sailing down passion's deep tide ;
How sweetly they smile
When they seek to beguile
From the haven of peace to the blue ocean wide ;
'They put on such hue
While the shore stands in view,
That we blindly pursue o'er the tide with the wind,
Till 'neath the dark waves
We find premature graves,
Far, far from the land that lies smiling behind.

'Tis true, some get back
To youth's beautiful track,
And seek 'neath the palm trees a respite from pain,
But tho' hot tears may roll
Out the guilt of the soul,
She can never appear in her snow robes again !
As roses will bloom
O'er the mouldering tomb,
So false lips may smile o'er the desolate heart ;
But tho' roses decay,
And false smiles melt away,
The cold shade of sorrow will *never* depart !

How happy are they
Who keep life's gentle way,
As thro' the green woodlands some laughing streams roll!
Away from the slime
Of foul cities, where crime
Never tinges the snow-tint of virtue's white soul;
The bright crowns are theirs
That sweet purity wears;
To them is the light of God's countenance given!
Who from their low birth
Travaileth through earth,
And keep their soul's bloom for the garden of Heaven.

HAVE YOU HEARD OF OLD GARRYOWEN?

Father Malone is a pastor of some church in the City of Limerick, and used to denounce the Fenians, if not to his own satisfaction, at least to that of his Saxon masters.

Have you e'er heard of old Garryowen?

Ochone!

Sure 't is there lives one Father Malone—

Mavrone!

'T was little they thought,

They who conquered and fought

For the freedom of old Garryowen,

Ochone !

We 'd be damned for just holding our own —

Or preparing to win back our own.

Sure 't was there that our forefathers died

With pride,

And each man had a sister or bride

By his side ;

And they marched to the grave,

All so loyal and brave,

While the clear-flowing Shannon beside

It sighed

For the men and the women that died ;

God rest those for Ireland that died.

Far away from that land of my own,

Alone,

Thinking sadly of days that have flown,

Ochone !

Sure I cannot control

A huge pride in my soul

That I am a child of thine own,

Blood and bone,

True to thee and thy dead, Garryowen —

True to Ireland and thee, Garryowen.

Suilish Dhea to each old Irish priest
 Deceased ;
 Like a pilgrim I face to the East,
 Released

From sorrow and pain,
 And in spirit again
 I visit their shrines in the East.

O' Chriast !

Must we go to the tomb for a priest
 With the heart of a man and a priest ?

“ We'll be damned if we pull down the Red ”

'T is said ;

“ God's vengeance will fall on each head : ”

O ye dead !

Can ye speak from the graves
 To those British-fed knaves,
 Ye who trailed in the dust this same Red,
 And bled

To raise up the Green in its stead —
 Our own darling Green in its stead ?

One word with this Father Malone,
 Alone !

Whose heart must be molded of bone,
 Or stone.

If he 'll fast a few weeks
On potatoes and leeks,
And go barefoot through old Garryowen,
Mavrone !

I 'll go bail that he 'll alter his tone
When our sorrows reach him and his own.

O shame on this Father Malone —
Ochone !
He 's a strange bird for old Garryowen
To own.

May the ghosts of the dead
Come in troops round his bed —
The ghosts of the priests that are gone,
Ochone !

On his breast lay the old Treaty-Stone—
For a nightmare, the old Treaty-Stone.

May they carry him out in his sleep,
And creep
Through the lanes where God's sufferers keep
And weep ;

Where the mother looks wild
On the face of her child
That hunger has rocked to death's sleep,
So deep.

Ah ! where were the shepherds to keep
This wolf from the Master's sheep ?

Then in to each workhouse ward,
Well barr'd,
Where horror and hopelessness guard
Each ward;

Where husband and wife
Are both parted for life,
To meet in the cold churchyard.

Oh Lord !

How they sigh for the green churchyard —
For rest in the green churchyard.

Ho! true men of old Garryowen —
Our own —
'T is spirit, and muscle, and bone,
Alone.

That make up a land ;
Let the proud and the grand
Slink aloof—we can go it alone,
YES, ALONE.

Stand true for the old Treaty-Stone,
And the glory of old Garryowen.

THRO' TEARS OF LOVE.

Thro' tears of love we've looked the last
Upon our household light,
The sunshine of our hearts is pass'd,
We meet in shade to-night ;
We sit around in speechless woe,
So deep, so true our love
For her we worshiped here below,
Whom saints adore above.

Oh, when did Heaven endow a mind
So formed to soothe and bless?
Or, when was there to death consigned
Such feast of loveliness?
The very tomb grew beautiful,
Her presence made it home ;
Her absence makes our home so dull,
It seems more like the tomb.

She was a thing of heavenly birth,
That left her home above
To dwell awhile upon the earth
And draw our souls to love.
An angel came unto our bower
And looked into her eyes,

He caught the odor from the flow'r
And bore it to the skies.

The shadow of death's sable wing
So shrouds us o'er and o'er,
The sunshine that the world may bring
Can reach our hearts no more.
So wrapt our souls in loneliness,
So tuned to sorrow's tone,
No voice can cheer, no light can bless,
Unless from Heaven alone.

CASTLE MAHÓN.

Oh, for an hour 'mongst the red-blossomed clover —
And my boy dreams restor'd in their freshness to me,
To rove the green fields and the wide valleys over,
With a footstep as light and a spirit as free ;
Where the gray ivied ruins fling out their dark shadows,
Like a sigh from the soul for the days that are gone ;
And the Deel ripples softly along the green meadows
Far away by the village of Castle Mahón.

How often in soul I go down to that river
And gaze in its depths till my senses grow dim ;
I touch its pure lips, and can feel my soul quiver
As I catch the green rushes that grow on its brim.
'Tis the fountain of youth ; as I feel its embraces,
The long years of sorrow and exile are gone,
And in its depths, smiling, I see the dear faces
That shone 'round my boyhood in Castle Mahón.

How bright are the skies of our infancy glowing,
How green are the fields where in boyhood we roved ;
The streams, like our youth, full of purity flowing,
The distant blue hills — all the haunts that we lov'd —
Like a dream of lost Eden, their beauty's still shining ;
We gaze on their glory, but fate whips us on
O'er the wild sea of life, with our hearts ever pining
For the spirit's lost home in some Castle Mahón.

No more does the voice of the sweet village maiden
Fall soft on the heart like the birds' trilling songs ;
But sad on the ear comes the night wind, o'erladen
With the soul-rending keen that to sorrow belongs.
Yes, Grief, bent and stricken, mopes 'round heavy-hearted,
She's seen the loved vanish away one by one ;
The old to the grave, and the young all departed —
Their names scarce remember'd in Castle Mahón.

All are gone from the land: some for freedom contending,
On the red field of war and the wide flowing sea,
Pour'd out their brave spirits, their latest breath sending
A sigh on the wings of the battle to thee ;
And many went out on the dark sea of shadows
From the jail to the pest-house of Mary-Le-Bon ;
But all heard the Deel singing to the green meadows,
Far away by the village of Castle Mahón.

Each night in my sleep the white moonbeams are flinging
Their light o'er the river, the bridge, and the mill ;
I can hear the clear tones of the village maids singing,
I catch ev'ry note and I feel ev'ry trill ;
Then a demon leaps out, with a wild cry of danger,
And the river, and bridge, and the moonbeams are gone,
I awake from my dreams in the land of the stranger,
Far away from the village of Castle Mahón.

THE SEA.

When the broad blue sea is sleeping,
And the timid waves come creeping,
Like children of the ocean, to kiss the lips of Earth ;

When winds tread lightly over
To fan their sleeping lover,
Playing 'round his breathing breast in hush'd and holy
mirth ;

When the distant ships are plodding,
And their tall masts slowly nodding
Like drowsy trav'lers, over the deep immensity,
And the glowing sun's embraces
All shadowing effaces —
In that hour of dreamy quiet, how beautiful the sea !

But when the winds grow frantic,
And lash the wild Atlantic,
Then rise the waves, like lions rous'd, and angrily they
roar ;

White-mouthed they come leaping,
Where the infant sobs came creeping,
With tossing manes they-howl and fling their fury on the
shore.

When the scowling skies are bright'ning
With God's anger-looks of lightning,
And strong-ribb'd ships are toss'd and smash'd by giant
hands, then we

Stand mute with awe and wonder,
While God speaks with voice of thunder,
Gazing on the grandeur and the glory of the sea.

SOGGARTH MA CHREE.

They shall be accursed while they live, and deprived of Christian burial when they die.—*Bishop of St. Louis.*

It is a crime against humanity, and a sin against the Church, to attempt revolution in Ireland, to drive the English from the land.—*Bishop Duggan.*

The Irish are satisfied with the English Government, and none but murderers and robbers belong to this infidel society called Fenian Brotherhood, etc., etc.—*Bishop Cullen*

“The last link is broken
That bound us to thee,
At the words you have spoken,”
A Soggarth Ma Chree,
Our souls have arisen
As free as the wind,
And burst that black prison
That dungeon'd the mind.

The fetters that bound us
Were love, and not force ;
When the tempest beat round us
We stood on our course
O'er the red sea of glory,
Cross and Shamrock entwin'd,
With our green banner gory,
But flung to the wind.

Our souls have been sinking
'Neath cold prison bars,

And long to be drinking
The light of the stars.
And now that we've riven
Your mystical chain,
We will not be driven
By mortal again.

Sure, we never did falter
At torture or death
When the rock was your altar
And freedom your faith ;
When Hessians and Yeomen
Were hot on your track,
We met the black foemen
And flung them all back.

We have been your vassals,
Both spirit and bones,
Our homes were your castles,
Our hearts were your thrones ;
Your lairs we have guarded
From sleuth-hound and laws,
And now we're rewarded
By selling the Cause.

Now, Clerics, with Laymen,
Take sides — Green or Red ;

If you leave us, why, Amen,
We'll sigh for the dead,
And, sad but stout hearted,
Press on to the goal,
For the Priests long departed
Are with us in soul.

Whoe'er turn their backs on
Our Land and our Race
To side with the Saxon
For booty and place,
Why, damn them, we'll greet them
With bright sword in hand,
In the red battle meet them
As foes to our land.

Come down, my dear Rifle,
How brightly you shine ;
What tyrant can stifle
That sweet voice of thine ?
Ten thousand in chorus,
With bass in the ranks,
And the Green flying o'er us,
Will be heard, and no thanks.

Hark! the musketry's rattle
Falls sweet on the ear ;

'T is the signal of battle —
Why loiter you here ?
You have hands, your friends need 'em,
To-day is unfurl'd
The standard of Freedom,
With light to the world.

The streams may be driven
Aback to their source,
The moon high in heaven
Grow black in its course,
Like light summer dew
The sun drink dry each river,
But we will be true
To our country forever.

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN McCANN.

I sit in the gloaming
And wait for the coming
Of Captain McCann ;
I am his mother,
We parted each other
When the summer began.

My beautiful Cahir,
He followed Tom Meagher
For sake of the Green ;
His father at Gorey
Fought well for its glory
With pike and with skian.

Now summer is dying,
The dead leaves are flying —
How they rustle and roll ;
The long spectral shadows
Lie dark on the meadows,
Like grief on the soul.
These days look so dreary
My heart has grown weary
For others more bright ;
But why am I mourning,
And Cahir returning,
My darling, to-night ?

Far away in dear Ireland,
His and my sireland,
In days that are gone,
What a proud Irish matron,
At dance and at patron,
I gazed on my son ;

His voice was the sweetest,
His foot was the fleetest,
 In concert and chase ;
How dark to the foeman,
But gentle as woman
 To all of his race.

Now here is his letter —
No son was e'er better
 To mother than he ;
As I look o'er its pages
It seemeth whole ages
 Since he parted from me.
And ah, my dear daughter,
What horror and slaughter
 Must Cahir have seen ;
How often surrounded
By dead and by wounded
 Beneath our own Green.

“ We've had, since last writing,
Such marching and fighting
 Beneath the red sun ;
The fights all seem'd blended —
Ere one was well ended
 Another'd begun ;

Thro' the swamps and morasses,
From the Oaks to Manassas,
 Oft beating and beat,
The first when the fight came,
And then when the night came,
 The last in retreat.

“ See the wild, reckless forces,
Men, cannon, and horses,
 In panic they go ;
And shouting and charging,
Our panic enlarging,
 Here gallops the foe ;
Each flings down his sabre,
Abandons his neighbor
 Himself to preserve.
O'er the shouting and yelling
Rings the voice of McClellan,
 ‘ Bring up the Reserve.’

“ O'er the dead and the dying
See our two banners flying,
 The Green at the fore ;
No stain of dishonor
Can light on the banner
 Our forefathers bore.
To the front we go, cheering,

The Green and Stars rearing,
While loud cries the Aid,
'Back, men, to your places!
There's an end to the races,
Here comes the Brigade!'

"We ne'er brought to foeman
By insult to woman
The blush of disgrace;
For while that we fought them
We never forgot them
As friends to our race.
We've kept our swords' brightness,
We've kept our souls' whiteness,
'Thro' battle and raid;
No plunder or booty
Could tempt from its duty
The Irish Brigade.

"On the field of Antietam
We met and we beat 'em;
To-day, as before,
The red gap of danger
Was filled by the stranger
From Erin's green shore.
When the wild charge was sounded,

On the run I got wounded —
A ball thro' the breast ;
I go home to-morrow
Strength and spirit to borrow
From quiet and rest."

So I sit in the gloaming
And wait for his coming —
And lo, here he comes,
Borne slow on the shoulders
Of four brother soldiers —
The low muffled drums
Beat sad, like hearts weeping —
My darling is sleeping,
His fine spirit fled ;
My brave boy departed,
Proud, joyous, true-hearted,
He's coming back DEAD !

RESURGAM !

The spirit of our race
Has attained her native place ;
On the red path of the battle-field her banners flowing
free ;

The vengeance of the Lord
Leaps along her flaming sword,
Tracing on the lurid skies the legend "Libertie."
As she beats upon her shield,
Soldiers spring up from each field,
The blood of martyr'd heroes yields a second, stronger
birth—
Let traitors fly her path ;
Let all beware her wrath ;
She holds God's lightning in her hand, to blast men to the
earth.

Across our native land
The tyrant's heavy hand
Has ploughed his hellish litanies of sorrow and of ruth ;
Yet, tho' we sometimes trace
His dark lines on her face,
Her soul stands forth, untainted, in the searching light of
truth.
He has swept the maid and sire
From their homes, with whips of fire ;
He has gloated in their misery, and revel'd in their sighs ;
And, from the reeking sod,
He has raised his shouts to God,
That the moaning of their breaking hearts might never
reach the skies.

If in our human breasts
One stain of mercy rests,
Pluck it out for sacrifice upon the altar of our wrath;
From beneath the seething waves,
From unconsecrated graves,
The ghosts of all our murder'd dead forever haunt our
path.

The anguish from our souls
In a crying torrent rolls
From the earth unto the heavens, in one ceaseless, shore-
less flood:

Then let thy flaming sword
Of Justice, angry Lord,
Wipe out their long transgressions in their unrepenting
blood.

We've walked the land like slaves —
Crawling into famine graves —
Slinking from the sunlight, like shadows of the dead;
We've kissed the despot's hand,
When he stamped, with burning brand,
The spirit's degradation upon each drooping head.
Our brutal demon foe
Has triumphed in our woe;
The rending of our nation's heart is music to his ear:

Then, away with woman's cries,
With petitions and with sighs ;—
The ringing of the RIFLE is the only voice he'll bear.

Hosannas to the Lord !
Since we drew the shining sword
The land is filled with cheering where was nought but
tears and groans ;
And the People, in their might,
Arise to slay and smite,
And light their way to liberty with palaces and thrones,
And shake such petty things
As Emperors and Kings,
Like spray from off their shoulders, as they rise erect and
free ;
And, to their mighty shout,
God's lightnings, leaping out,
Trace upon the breaking skies the legend " Libertie."

NEW WORDS FOR OLD AIRS.

As the "New Words for Old Airs" are written chiefly for airs for which no "foreign," that is, English, words have been written, the reader, unless he or she happened to hear them sung at "The Patron Dance or Fair," or perhaps at his or her mother's knee, will scarcely know them by name, being called one thing in the South and another in the North. It is the intention to get them printed in book form, with music and accompaniments, in a few months. No Air that has heretofore been published with English words will be introduced, if possible.

No. I.

LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows ;
And by that city of my heart how proud the Shannon
flows !

It sweeps down by the brave old town, as clear in depth
and tone

As when Sarsfield swept the Saxon from the walls of Gar-
ryowen.

'T is not for Limerick that I sigh — tho' I love her in my
soul —

That times will change, and friends will die, and man can-
not control ;

No, not for friends long pass'd away, nor days forever
 flown,

But that the maiden I adore is sad in Garryowen.

Oh, she I love is beautiful, and world-wide is her fame ;
She dwells down by the flowing tide, and Eire is her
 name :

And dearer than my very life her glances are to me —
The light that cheers my weary soul across life's stormy
 sea.

T is true, she wears no coronet nor gems these latter days ;
She has no fleet upon the deep — no ships within her bays—
No flocks upon the mountain side — no herds upon the
 plain—
No gardens rich with summer bloom — no fields of waving
 grain.

The fetters of the tyrant are on her limbs — oh, shame !
That we but whine who should avenge the insult to her
 fame ;

And, crowned with woe, she walks the earth — the sad
 amid the gay —

Because she would not sell her love for gems that fade away.

Yet see her in her sorrow, beneath the summer skies ;
What is the diamond's brightness to the lustre of her eyes?

And what are earthly diadems to the glories that entwine
Her brow, upon whose front the gems of Truth and Vir-
tue shine ?

The Saxon lord, by force and fraud, has wooed her heart
for years,

She's pined within his dungeon keeps — she's wept hot,
bitter tears ;

But tho' he crucify her soul, and scourge her thro' the land,
She'll not forsake her old true love to take his bloody hand.

I loved thee in my boyhood, and now, in manhood's noon,
The vision of my life is still to dry thy tears, *aroon!*

I'd sing unto the tomb, and dance beneath the gallows tree,
To see thee on the hills once more, proud, passionate and
free.

No. II.

WE'LL SING OF THEE, DEAR IRELAND.

Air — “Fare you well, lovely Molly.”

“A song!” cries each bright-eyed fellow :

Now, what shall we sing about ?

Shall we sing of the bounding billow,

Of battles or of rout ?

Of foreign fields, where Freedom wields

Her sword in the deadly fray ?
No, we 'll sing of thee, dear Ireland,
Three thousand miles away.

We 'll sing of the great departed,
And the valleys where they lie —
The brave and the fearless-hearted,
Who taught men how to die :
And every man, of every clan,
We 'll guard his memory,
Who died on the green hills, fighting
For Ireland's liberty.

We 'll sing of the sunny meadows,
And we 'll sing of the flowing streams ;
Of the glens that sleep in shadows
That haunt us in our dreams ;
Of the dancing rills, and the high green hills,
And the fields we ne'er may see.
Then here 's to the fields of Ireland,
With a hearty three times three.

Let your voices ring out cheering ;
And drain your goblets dry,
To the men who died for Erin,
And to those who yet will die.

'Neath prison bars, or 'neath the stars,
In camp or garden gay,
We'll sing of thee, *gra gal machree*,
Three thousand miles away.

No. III.

Old Song.—"A sailor courted a farmer's daughter."

(Imitation of a Street Ballad.)

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter,
By Shannon water, at Tullaman,
Where this gay rover, from the briny ocean,
Into the harbor of true love ran.
With fine discourses he did pursue her ;
His form was manly and his face was fair ;
Till Cupid bound her with chains around her,
For his flatt'ring tongue did her heart ensnare.
"Oh! Molly, darling, my heart's adorning,"
Her mother cries, "this must not be so,
For this young lover is but a rover,
And soon will leave you to grief and woe.
When the breeze is blowing, and the tide is flowing,
He'll sail away with the summer wind,
And in the favor of some foreign maiden,
He'll soon forget her he's left behind."

“ Oh ! mother, dearest, be not hard-hearted,
For if we 're parted my heart will break ;
I feel no sunshine but in his bright eyes,
I 'd roam the ocean all for his sake.
His kiss is sweeter than the wild bee's honey ;
His breath is fresher than the flowers of May ;
And I must leave you, tho' sad 't will grieve you ;
So, fare you well, for I 'm going away.”

“ I 'll buy you, dearest, the jewels rarest,
All for to grace your fair neck and brow,
And silks and satins from o'er the water,
If you, dear daughter, will break your vow.
You 're young and handsome ; you 've got a fortune ;
And this wild sailor is poor and low ;
And you can marry the young squire Harry ;
So let this rover to the salt sea go.”

“ What care I for your jewels rarest,
Or silks the fairest that e'er were spun ?
They would but cover my poor heart broken,
When the words were spoken that made us one.
The richest Peeress is poor and cheerless :
'T is love that makes the fond heart at rest ;
So, farewell, mother, I 'll have no other
Than him I 've plighted, I love the best.”

“I’ll buy you, dearest, the jewels rarest,
All for to grace your fair neck and brow ;
And silks and satins from o’er the water ;
And you, dear daughter, can keep your vow.
You ’re young and handsome ; you ’ve got a fortune ;
Yet you can marry your love ; and he
Can stay at home for to tend and guard you,
And so reward you for constancy.”

’T was in the springtime, when birds were singing,
And lightly winging from tree to tree,
Their wedding bells from the village steeple
Chimed to the people a jubilee.
When the tide is flowing, and the breeze is blowing,
And the ships are sailing by sweet Kilkee,
They wander down by the rolling waters,
To talk of love and the stormy sea.

New Words.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

Air — “ A sailor courted a farmer’s daughter.”

The day is dying,
The eve is sighing,
Our barque is flying before the wind ;

The sunsè't's splendor
Falls, soft and tender,
Upon the green hills we leave behind.
Our tears are flowing,
The while we're going,
For love is showing the mountains grand —
The glens and meadows,
In lights and shadows,
And the pleasant valleys of OUR NATIVE LAND.

Oh, skies, grow brighter !
Oh, winds, blow lighter !
Let not the night or the deep sea hide
From our fond vision
That dream Elysian
That flings its beauty across the tide.
Ah ! poor hearts, beating,
There's no retreating ;
The winds are cheating with whispers bland ;
The hills are sinking ;
Our souls are drinking
The last sweet vision of OUR NATIVE LAND.

They say the gold land
Is a brave and bold land —

(Alas! the Old Land is sad and low —)
And the winds that fan her
Bright starry banner
Are never freighted with her children's woe.
We've read her story
Of light and glory,
'Neath ruins hoary, antique and grand;
And we will prove her
That we can love her,
And still be true to OUR NATIVE LAND.

Each thought we knew, love,
Was but for you, love;
And, so, old true-love, a fond adieu:
While night is shading,
We see thee fading,
Like sea nymph dipping 'neath ocean blue,
But love has painted
Thy face, sweet, sainted,
In hues all tinted by Heaven's own hand;
And in our spirit
We'll proudly wear it,
And so be true to OUR NATIVE LAND.

No. IV.

FOR FREEDOM AND FOR ERIN.

Old Song — “ St. Patrick was a gentleman.”

Thank God, at last, the day is past for begging and beseeching,

And bugle notes now take the place of orators and speeching ;

The busy camp, the soldier's tramp, instead of senseless cheering ;

And men to dare, to do and die for Freedom and for Erin.

Chorus — Then march away

With banners gay,

Brave hearts that know no fear in,

And let our foes

Reel 'neath our blows,

For Freedom and for Erin.

We've talked and prayed, and begged for aid, and —
shameful degradation ! —

Our own withheld their paltry pelf that might redeem their
nation ;

But unsubdued, on field and flood, undaunted hearts appear in,

To fight our fathers' good old fight, for Freedom and for
Erin.

Chorus — Then march away, etc.

'Mid cynic sneer and coward fear we march unswerving
onward ;

Dull matter sinks into the dust, the soul flies ever sunward ;
Upon the trail the fighting Gael traced with his blood, we
steer in,

And march to glory, thro' the grave, for Freedom and for
Erin.

Chorus — Then march away, etc.

Let coward slave and heartless knave forget our Isle of
beauty,

And slink aside, like beaten hounds, when Erin calls to
duty.

Too long she's nursed this brood accursed, who've nought
but jilt and jeering

For those who toil and those who fight for Freedom and
for Erin.

Chorus — Then march away, etc.

Oh ! brothers, who will dare and do — brave souls, sublime,
undaunted, —

The day of trial is at hand, when souls like yours are
wanted ;

Your rifles shine ; fall into line, the old Green Flag up-
rearing ;

Send forth the cry — who fears to die for Freedom and for
Erin?

Chorus — Then march away,
With banners gay,
Brave hearts that know no fear in,
Our foes shall feel
The avenging steel
Of Freedom and of Erin.

No. V.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

Air — “ *Gra gal machree hu !* ”

I sat in the light
Of the red harvest moon,
And wept the long night
Till the sad, silent noon —
The stars rain'd cool dew
On my desolate head ;
But, my country, for you
Were the tears that I shed,
Gra gal machree hu !
Gra gal machree hu !

I saw the beloved
Of my bosom laid low,

And stood by, unmoved,
In the midst of deep woe ;
I knew they had gone
Past the region of tears,
While thou shouldst live on,
In thy sorrow, for years,
Gra gal machree hu !
Gra gal machree hu !

When I thought of thy name,
Once a light to the earth,
And what glory and fame
In thy bosom had birth,—
And now sunk so low,
While thy glories yet shine,—
I blush'd for my woe
In the presence of thine,
Gra gal machree hu !
Gra gal machree hu !

I will climb thy green hills,
And I'll gaze on the sea ;
I will drink of thy rills,
And I'll dream thou art free ;
For thy soul will yet rise
From its gloom and despair.

As I look in thine eyes,
I read Liberty there,
Gra gal machree hu !
Gra gal machree hu !

No. VI.

DEAR OLD IRELAND.

Far from the hills of Innisfail,
We meet in love to-night,
Some of the scattered *Glon na Gael*,
With spirits warm and bright.
Why do we meet ?
'T is to repeat
Our vows, both night and day,
To dear Old Ireland !
Brave Old Ireland !
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

Some left her shores long years ago,
Some never saw her hills ;
But, for her glory and her woe,
Each faithful bosom thrills.
We give no cheers,
But vow her tears .

Revenge shall wipe away.

Ah! dear Old Ireland!

Brave Old Ireland!

Ireland, boys, hurrah!

We 're not the fortune-favored kind,

But rugged sons of toil;

We 've got the muscle and the mind

That sprung from Irish soil.

Our toil being done,

And night come on,

We meet to work and pray

For dear Old Ireland!

Brave Old Ireland!

Ireland, boys, hurrah!

We 've read of how our fathers fought,

And how our fathers died;

How creeds divided where they ought

To muster side by side;

We count the cost

That faction lost,

And cast the fiend away,

For dear Old Ireland!

Brave Old Ireland!

Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Let cowards bend in abject prayer ;
Let tyrants frown and threat ;
Be ours the duty to prepare,
With sword and bayonet.
Let babblers cease
To prate of peace ;
God send us war, we say,
For dear Old Ireland !
Brave Old Ireland !
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

Our fathers died in olden time,
And left a heritage
(And loving Ireland was their crime,)
Of blood, and hate, and rage.
And, by the cross,
There 's been no loss,—
We hate as strong as they, .
For dear Old Ireland !
Brave Old Ireland !
Ireland, boys, hurrah !

Once more we 're on the "Felon's track,"
Red with our father's blood ;
And woe unto the men who slack
Our spirits' burning flood !

The Green above —
 Revenge and Love —
 Forward ! and march away,
 For dear Old Ireland !
 Brave Old Ireland !
 Ireland, boys, hurrah !

No. VII.

THE TREE OF MEMORY.

Air—“ Captain Magin.”

There's a beautiful Tree in life's garden we see,
 By the soft-sighing fountain of love ;
 Its roots under ground search the garden all round,
 And birds sing in its branches above ;
 They sing of the dead and the days that are fled ;
 Of youth with its ever-bright skies ;
 Till we wander in dreams by the meadows and streams
 In the light of our first lover's eyes.

As we sit 'neath its boughs we can hear the old vows
 That were pledged in the twilight's soft gloom ;
 We can feel the soft sighs and gaze into those eyes
 That are dulled long ago in the tomb ;
 Every throb that we feel, every joy that we steal

In this dragon-watched garden of woe,
Are the dreams that we braid 'neath its evergreen shade
And behold in the fountain below !

Every flower must decay, every leaf fade away —
They all bloom in the shadow of death ;
And though glowing awhile in the summer's bright smile,
They must die in his pestilent breath.
This alone, this, of all, flingeth off the dark pall,
And drinks life from the lips of decay ;
For as sweetly it blooms 'midst the mouldering tombs
As when kissed by the midsummer gay.

What were love but a bird whose sweet singing we heard,
As with youth through the vallies he flew—
A short thrilling gleam that was passed like a dream,
With no power in our souls to pursue—
Were not memory at hand, with her magical wand,
To summon the past into sight,
Every joy that we feel through her heavenly zeal,
Thus becoming an endless delight ?

Tired and sad from the strife and tough battle of life,
As alone o'er the desert we stray,
And the spirit flies back over youth's rosy track
To the valleys that lie far away ;

For the beautiful dead and the days that are fled,
And the eyes we shall nevermore see,
And the cheeks whose soft bloom is long paled in the
tomb,
'We bless thee, GREEN MEMORY'S TREE!

No. VIII.

THRO' THE GREEN VALLEYS.

Air—"Thro' the green valleys."

Thro' the green valleys
Come follow, Love, follow,
The wild birds are singing
Thro' woodland and hollow;
The chase horn is sounding
By Shannon's bright flood,
And the red deer is bounding
Within the green wood.
I hear not the chase horn
By the streams sounding;
I heed not the red deer
Within the woods bounding;
I see not the soaring
Of birds o'er the boughs,
For my spirit is pouring
Out love's odor vows.

Come away, come away, where
The bright streams are flowing
'Thro' the valleys of light
In the land of Tir Owen ;
A thousand bright lances
Shall come at your call,
And harps ring you welcome
In each castle hall.

The foot of the Saxon
Ne'er stepped on our mountains,
His dark face of slaughter
Ne'er poisoned our fountains ;
Our maidens' ne'er blush at
His black ruffian glare ;
He never will rush at
The wolf in his lair.
Oh, grand are the hills round
Your father's high dwelling ;
The green meads and rivers
Are fair beyond telling,
And lovely each woman
In cottage and hall,
But the flag of the foeman
Waves high over all.

Then away, come away, where

The bright streams are flowing
Thro' the valleys of light
In the land of Tir Owen ;
A thousand tall lances
Shall come at your call,
And harps ring your welcome
In cottage and hall.

The sad harp is wailing
The old days of freedom,
Of bright swords in battle,
Of heroes to lead 'em ,
When thro' ev'ry valley,
At Liberty's call,
The clansmen would rally
'To sweep out the Gall.
The Cromeal and Coulon
No more the sight blesses ;
Base slaves for their masters,
To lose their long tresses.
The songs of our sireland
Are banished and banned ;
Oh, this is not Ireland,
But Sassenagh land.
Then away, come away, where
The bright streams are flowing

Thro' valleys of freedom
In Irish Tir Owen ;
A thousand bright lances
Shall come at your call,
And harps ring wild welcome
In each castle hall.

No. IX.

RIDGEWAY.

Air — "The red hand O'Neill."

The long, heavy shadows of morning had passed
As we roused the green woods with our cheers,
The flag of our country waved high in the blast,
And we hailed the dear emblem with tears ;
We gazed on that banner and thought of the dead,
Our green fields and bright skies of blue,
And swore by our sorrows to pull down the Red,
Or perish, dear Erin, for you.

We sprang into line at the call of O'Neill,
Four hundred brave spirits and true ;
We fired but a volley, then gave them the steel,
And smote them, Red, Orange and Blue.

In our bosoms the hate and the vengeance of years
Led us on like the fierce mountain flood ;
We leaped on their ranks, shouting wild thro' our tears,
For, like tigers, we thirsted for blood.

Ho ! bandogs, whom tyrants unleash at command,
Go back to your masters, and say,
The spirit of freedom is sown in the land
From the hearts of our brothers to-day ;
And when the red harvest waves ripe in the sun,
The reapers of death will be nigh ;
'T is war to the knife, till our battle is won,
For year after year till we die.

Ho ! Erin, a niche for this glorious band,
'Mongst your bravest and best be their place ;
No tears o'er the dead, they have died for their land,
And are shrined in the hearts of our race.
When next the green banner is flung to the wind,
We 'll rally from hill-top and plain,
True brothers of freedom, strong, solid, combined,
To conquer again and again.

No. X.

THE DEAD NOT DEAD.

Air — "When Nora left the hills of Down."

When fond hearts round the festive board
Beat time unto the march of wine,
And when Love's passion vows are poured,
And woman's eyes flash out divine,
Oh, in that hour when pleasure's wings
Like sunshine round the board are spread,
A low voice to my spirit sings :
 "'T is thus the quick forget the dead."
And then I fill a beaker up,
 Of spirit wine, and, all alone,
I drink, as from a chalice cup,
 The mem'ry of the dead and gone.

When gazing into flashing eyes
That glow for me, I say, "My Love,
I've seen some brighter, but the skies
Have set them 'mong the gems above."
And when her music lips rejoice
In songs, to me their silver flow
Is but the echo of a voice
That sang them sweeter long ago.

Then bright as shine those living lights,
And sweet as flows each liquid tone,
Brighter, sweeter, blest the nights
From lips and eyes long dead and gone.

O, spirits of the early blest,

Unseen, your presence haunts us yet,
And Beauty sues in vain for rest,

Our bosoms have no rooms to let ;
For Love, old guard, untiring waits
Outside their portals, lance in hand,

And none can pass the mystic gates
Unless they come from spirit land.

Thus Death himself is killed by Love,

He cannot conquer nor divide,
Our souls on earth and those above
Are ever marching side by side.

And so let's fill a cup divine,

All beaded round with lucent tears,
Then pour our souls into the wine
And drink unto the vanished years,
And to the stars that cheered Youth's skies.

What tho' they light the earth no more,
Our spirit gaze can see them rise
Above the far-off, brighter shore.

We name their names, O, blessed sound !
And many an eye thro' tears looks bright ;
Let living beauty glow uncrowned,
We drink unto the dead to-night.

No. XI.

THE FLAG OF GREEN.

Air—“ The harp of Desmond.”

Let France unfold her tri-color,
And glory in her Fleur de lis,
Let her Imperial Eagle soar,
Drunk with the blood of Liberty ;
Let Britain flaunt her cross of red,
And shout hosanna to her Queen,
But we will still defiant tread
Beneath our own old Flag of Green.
Then come beneath our Flag of Green,
We own no despot, King or Queen ;
With rifles bright and sabres keen,
We'll guard our own old Flag of Green.

Old Flag, proscribed on field and flood,
Long hidden in the tomb's dark mold,
Our mothers' tears, our fathers' blood,
Have sanctified each sacred fold ;

Come forth! at last we see the day
When honor says thou canst be seen,
And legions march in proud array
Beneath thy shining folds of Green.
Then come beneath our Flag of Green, etc.

Fields of fire and deathless fame
Have seen this old flag waving free ;
Hearts grew buoyant at its name,
For from its folds leaped victory.
It 's known defeat, but not disgrace,
No stain rests on its emerald sheen,
For in the battle's fieriest face
The foremost flew the Irish Green.
Then come beneath our Flag of Green, etc.

Then fling our old flag to the wind,
And march to death or Liberty.
Who would be free, no chains can bind ;
Who would be slave, no sword can free.
Too long have tyrants ruled the earth,
And human hearts their playthings been,
But now we sing Young Freedom's birth,
And fold her in our Flag of Green.
Then come beneath our Flag of Green,
We own no despot, King or Queen ;

With rifles bright and sabres keen,
We'll guard our own old Flag of Green.

No XII.

SWEET BELLS CHIMING.

Air — "St. Mary's Bells."

Sweet bells chiming,
Young hearts timing
 Music's mystic flow.
Bright eyes glancing,
Light feet dancing,
 Flitting to and fro.
Bashful Lovers,
Moonlight rovers —
 Where the fond lips whispered low,
Love's pure flame has
Burned the same as
 Fifty years ago.
Loud bells ringing,
Censers swinging
 Round the festive shrine ;
Two hearts beating,
Lips repeating,
 Thine, forever thine.

Love's first blisses,
Bridal kisses,
 Crimson blushings ebb and flow,
And Love's flame has
Burned the same as
 Fifty years ago.

Death bells tolling,
Hot tears rolling
 From sad, weeping eyes ;
Farewells taking,
Fond hearts breaking
 Forth in sobbing sighs ;
Bright lids shaded,
Red cheeks faded,
 Faded as the winter snow ;
Life's poor flame has
Quench'd the same as
 Fifty years ago.

Sweet bells chiming,
Poets rhyming,
 Bright eyes growing old ;
Some are wedding,
Some are bedding
 In the deep, dark mold ;

Joy and laughter,
Sorrow after,
Thus the fleeting shadows go;
Men beheld the
Same of eld a
Thousand years ago.

No. XIII.

I STAND UPON MY NATIVE HILLS.

Air — "Come back to Carlow, Robin."

I stand upon my native hills
And see the starlight glowing,
I hear the fretting mountain rills,
I feel the night winds blowing.
The moonbeams wrap the ruins old,
And sleep along the river,
And flush the vales with liquid gold,
And all is bright as ever.

Thus, gazing on my native skies,
I feel my wild heart panting,
Yet tears unbidden fills mine eyes,
For something still is wanting;

The friends of Youth ! ah, where are they ?
No bright eyes cheer my coming ;
Oh, God ! why must the loved decay,
Where all things else are blooming ?

In vain for me the moonbeams glow,
In vain the streams are flowing,
I care not how the night winds blow,
Nor how the stars are glowing ;
I turn from nature's changeless face,
Rock, mountain, vale, and river,
For they who lightened all the place
Are gone and lost forever.

No. XIV.

NORA OF CAHIRCIVEEN.

Air — " The Hills of Kerry."

Oh, Nora, dear Nora, you're going to leave us,
To better your fortune you tempt the rough main,
But think, O mavourneen, how sadly 't will grieve us
To feel we may never behold thee again.
Oh, blame me not, then, that my hot tears are starting,
Already in fancy the sea rolls between,
And the light of our home, like a dream, is departing,
And may never come back to old Cahirciveen.

When the bright summer moon thro' the old oak is
shining,

And the note of the harp calls the young and the gay ;
When the swains of the village their love-wreaths are
twining,

I'll think of my darling who's far, far away.-
When the lads to the dance will lead each village maiden
I'll think of the foot that tripped light o'er the green,
I'll turn from their mirth, for my spirit, o'erladen,
Will weep for the beauty of Cahirciveen.

Oh, flatter me not with your speedy returning,
Few, few that come back from the far happy shore ;
Keep the star of your land in your inmost soul burning,
But kiss the green hills, for you'll see them no more.
Let me fold you once more to my poor heart that's broken ;
God guard you ; remember the days that have been ;
From the far distant land send a sign or a token
That you'll never forget us in Cahirciveen.

Woe, woe to the mother ! alas ! for the daughter,
And the dreams that were twined for the bright days to
come ;
A token of love has gone over the water,
A wreath of green laurel from poor Nora's tomb.

On the wild hills of Kerry the mother is weeping,
While the lads and the lasses still dance on the green ;
'Neath the wild western prairie poor Nora is sleeping,
Far away from the village of Cahirciveen.

No. XV.

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

Air — "The Sword of McCracken."

Spirit of Liberty,
Wake thy grand melody,
Over the land let thine orisons roll ;
Make our hearts light again,
Make our hearths bright again ;
Whisper of Courage and Faith to each soul.
Sing how our fathers died
On the green mountain side —
Would all our dead had thus perished for thee,
Fighting for Native Land,
With the red sword in hand,
Proud were our hearts to-day — Freemen were we.

Spirit of Liberty,
Weeping, we follow thee,

Thro' the bleak wilderness, over the main ;
 Wooing thee lovingly,
 Look not reprovingly,
Oh, but come back to your first love again.
 Over the desert wide,
 Evermore by thy side,
Earth has no light but your beautiful eyes ;
 Fling their red lightning o'er
 Erin's ill-fated shore,
Sweep the dull mists from her hills and her skies.

 Many brave hearts and true
 Beating for land and you,
Leaped from the hills at thy clarion call ;
 Many a chieftain bold
 Swept from his castle old,
Swept like the blast on the ranks of the Gall,
 Joying to die for thee —
 Gods ! we but sigh for thee,
Suing in sorrow and wooing in chains,
 And never will feel thy smile
 On our cold hearts the while
Cowards command or a fetter remains.

 Send up the battle cry !
 Up to God's sunny sky —

Hark! the loud bugles blow Liberty's call;
Sabre and rifle shine
Down the well order'd line —
Ireland's green banner waves high over all!
Forward, for Liberty!
Erin's true chivalry
Sweep on their ranks like our fathers of old.
Strike for the mighty dead!
Send Britain's cross of red
Down to the dust, for the green and the gold.

No. XVI.

BANISH ALL CARE.

Air — “ While we live let us live.”

Away with all care, we'll be merry, boys!
Man wasn't made for sighing and sorrowing;
Heaven itself is flowing with joys,
Then of its mirth let the spirit go borrowing.
Sorrow, poor dame, is a native of earth,
And ever thro' tombs she goes moping and wandering;
Joy, like the soul, had a sunnier birth,
And flies round the globe, all her light and smiles squandering.

Cynics can preach how men ought to sigh,
And their days to the dark goddess Sorrow they ought to
give ;
Teach men to live and they 'll know how to die,
So ours be the duty to live as men ought to live.
Away to the dogs with this sectional crew,
Who with their tenets would hamper and fetter one ;
This world's not much of a world, it is true,
But the Lord only knows if the next is a better one.

See how the streams laugh light in the sun,
Hear the gay birds in the woods piping merrily ;
Nature's dear face is glowing with fun,
So let us meet her with song and dance cheerily.
Hell is all tears, and Heaven all smiles,
Let us take sides with the saints and the Deity ;
Satan can wear his long faces and wiles,
We 'll laugh at his snares, we 're the children of gayety.
Banish all care, ye rollicking boys,
Man was n't made for sighing and sorrowing ;
Heaven itself is flowing with joys,
So to the skies let the spirit go borrowing.

No. XVII.

THE FAITHFUL ONE.

Air — "'T is sorrow tests the strength of love."

Come sit thee down beside me,
My beautiful, my own;
When *friends* deceiv'd, belied me,
And summer birds had flown,
My soul, by rude winds shaken,
Still fondly turned to thee;
For when by all forsaken
Thou still wert true to me.

When evil tongues had wove thee
My life's-thread crimson dyed,
The world's rude breath but drove thee
Still closer to my side.
When darkness brooded o'er me;
I heard thy cheering voice;
Thine eyes flung light before me,
And bade my heart rejoice.

The summer bees flew round me
To sip my honey-dew,
Misfortune came and found me,
Alone, my Love, with you.

I bless the angel sorrow,
Whose thorns have purified;
I'd wear her crown to-morrow
To find thee by my side.

No. XVIII.

THE SHAMROCK IS THE FAIREST FLOWER.

Air — "The Green Laurel."

Three maids sat in a garden bower,
Where Love's sweet streamlet flows,
And each was fair as the fairest flower
That in the garden grows,
Grows,
That in the garden grows.

A knight within the garden bower
Before the maidens rose;
"Choose, each maid, the fairest flow'r
That in the garden grows,
Grows,
That in the garden grows."

Then one, she chose the Lily Queen,
The other took the Rose,

But the third, she chose the Shamrock Green,
That in the garden grows,
Grows,
That in the garden grows.

“ The Lily ’s fair, with drooping head,
But when the cold wind blows,
She fades and dies in her garden bed,
While the Shamrock greenly grows,
Grows,
While the Shamrock greenly grows.

“ And fair, on a pleasant summer day,
Blooms the gorgeous blushing Rose,
But it fades with the summer time away,
While green the Shamrock grows,
Grows,
While green the Shamrock grows.

“ Let France still wear her Lily Queen,
Let England keep the Rose,
But we shall wear the Shamrock Green,
That in old Ireland grows,
Grows,
That in old Ireland grows.”

So, boys, fill up each empty cup
To neither King nor Queen,
But drink to the Knight, and his Lady bright,
Who sport the Irish Green,
Green,
Who sport the Irish Green.

No. XIX.

THE RAID OF THE SAXON.

Air—“If ever the foemen cross over our border.”

When Gerald, the Saxon, crossed over the border,
Loud rang the merry bells down by the Lee ;
Three thousand three hundred men, all in good order ;—
Fair was the sight for their maidens to see.
“Adieu, my beloved ; I shall see thee to-morrow.
Down by the dark woods of Funcheon we go,
To hunt thro’ the glens the wild clans of McCaura.
Forward for England, boys ; ho, tally ho !”

How proud looked their steeds, on that summer day,
prancing ;
Helmet and sabre shone bright in the sun ;
The spirit of war from each fearless eye glancing,—
Eyes that swept proudly a hundred fields won.

Before them is joy, but behind shall come sorrow ;
Green vales will echo the trumpeter's call.
Oh ! bird of the wilderness, fly ! tell McCaura,
Gerald rides fast for his old castle hall !

When they came to the glens, where the mountains frown
o'er them,

Pale grew each cheek, tho' each soldier's eye burned ;
They could not forget how their fathers before them
Entered those glens, but had never returned.

" Oh, wolves ! to the hills where you hide must we follow ?
Cravens ! " cries Gerald ; " e'en let it be so.

O'er mountain and moorland, through woodland and
hollow,

Forward for England, boys ; ho, tally ho ! "

Then a voice from the hills thundered, " Now, men of
Erin ! "

The " wolves of the mountain " sprang up from each
rock ;

They swept down the hills, like the avalanche, cheering,
Short was the warning and fearful the shock.

As the hurricane sweeps thro' the red apple blossoms,

Burst the wild mountaineers down on the foe ;

Their bare-breasted valor 'gainst mail-covered bosoms,

Hate in each bright eye and death in each blow.

When Gerald, the Saxon, crossed back o'er the border,
Slow swung the solemn bells over the Lee,—
A few scattered horsemen, and all in disorder,—
Sad was the sight for their maidens to see.
Thro' the homes of the Pale rings the wild cry of sorrow,
Weeping for those who went out to Glen Gall :
But bonfires of joy light the hills of McCaura,
Harpers sing loud in his old castle hall.

Then fill up each glass to our fathers, who cherished
On the bleak mountain side Liberty's flame.
Tho' the Pale is no more, and the Clans have all perished,
ERIN STILL LIVES, AND HER CAUSE IS THE SAME.
The Saxon has, long ago, crossed o'er the border.
Steady ! make ready to march on the foe ;
In solid battalions, and dressed in good order,
FORWARD FOR IRELAND, BOYS ; HO, TALLY HO !

No. XX.

WHEN THE MOON ADVANCES.

Air — “ Maids of Ballyshannon.”

When the moon advances,
Queen of Summer dances,
And her maiden glances
Thro' the trees are seen ;

When the stars are glowing,
And the harp-notes flowing,
Set the light feet going,

Meet me on the green.

When the night will lend her
Looks and robes of splendor,
And the stars that tend her

Like bright eyes look down ;

On the moonlit heather,
As we trip together,
Little reck we whether

Princes smile or frown.

Let Fashion drain her chalice,
In banquet hall and palace,
Far from green-robed valleys

And Nature's country mirth ;

Give us the wild wood roaming,
The dreamy summer gloaming,
To list the light feet coming

That scarcely touch the earth.

Heart and harp-strings timing,
Feet and fingers rhyming,
And Irish Planxty chiming,

Leaping stops and bars ;

Maidens like the graces,
Bright and laughing faces,
Tripping thro' the mazes
 Out beneath the stars.

Speak love with a glance or
Sigh, and from the dancer
Comes a blushing answer,
 Plainer, far, than words;
Love's electric flashing
O'er the red cheeks dashing,
Thro' the bosom crashing
 On its spirit chords.
Then steal away like dreaming,
Eyes beside you gleaming,
Tresses proudly streaming,
 Like pennants on the breeze;
Well we know the traces
To the lovers' places,
Hid in the embraces
 Of the dear old trees.

Bless the eyes that led us
O'er the moonlit meadows,
Underneath the shadows
 Of the castles tall !

Are they gone forever?
 Shall we see them never?
 Mountain, vale, and river,
 Harper, harp, and all?
 While the stars shine o'er us,
 We'll toast the land that bore us;
 Tho' they that danced before us
 Sleep beneath the mold,
 Our hearts, like magic vases,
 Show their loving faces
 And the pleasant places
 Of the days of old.

No. XXI.

SPIRIT OF WINE.

Air — "Spirit of Wine."

A spirit divine
 Is the spirit of wine —
 As its dew is distilled round the desolate heart,
 The raven despair,
 And each blue devil care,
 Must unfold their black wings o'er the wreck and depart.
 The sorrows of years
 Are dissolved in the tears

Of this beautiful spirit that flows from the bowl,
As she flatters us back
O'er life's beautiful track,
Till we stand in the garden of Youth, soul to soul.
Spirit of wine! beauteous spirit of wine!

The cares of the day
So the spirit outweigh
That she flies, like a wounded bird, close to the earth;
She drinks in the even
The dew drops of heaven,
And mounts to the bright sunny skies of her birth.
Then we pledge in the bowl
To the friends of our soul,
And they answer the summons from sea and from shore;
And we spend the long night
In sweet dreams of delight,
For the loved of our youth smile around us once more.
Spirit of wine! beauteous spirit of wine!

Come, spirit of wine,
Fill this spirit of mine
With thy dreams of the holy, the good, and the grand;
And, tho' weak be my words,
They will touch some proud chords,
For my harp shall but sing of Love, Freedom, and Land.

Of Love, that doth rise
From the earth to the skies,
That sings at the cradle and weeps by the pall;
And Freedom, whose flight
Leads the nations to light,
And our own native Erin, the vanguard in all.
Spirit of wine! beauteous spirit of wine!

No. XXII.

THE MESSAGE TO IRELAND.

Air — "The Mill on the Lee."

When you visit the old town of Cair,
Go see
The Miller's young daughter, so fair,
For me;
You will know her; the hue
Of her beautiful eyes
Is that clear azure blue
Of the far away skies
That some spirit hath stolen, that men might love
Their light for the Angels above.

And the maids here — just tell her how bright
They move,

Arrayed in their rich summer light
Of love ;
And their eyes hold that fire
That can change and control,
A fierce tiger desire
To consume up the soul,
And they bloom like the tropical flowers that shun
The shadow, to glare in the sun.

And tell her how deep are the wiles
They lay,
To woo my poor heart with their smiles
Away ;
Tho' their eyes flash the heat
Of love's fierce passion zone,
Yet my heart will not beat
One false note to her own,
For locked in the old house at Cair is it still,
And she keeps the key of the mill.

Thro' all the long day by my side
She seems,
And I kiss her pure lips, as a bride,
In dreams ;
I breathe the rich air
Of her breath thro' the night,

And her rich golden hair
Sweeps in tresses of light,
And her songs flow so soft and so sweet in dreams,
I can't tell her voice from the streams.

And say, when the mists from the hills
Will rise,
And the lark o'er the meadow thrills
The skies,
I shall come with the spring,
Like the voice of the bird,
And my spirit will sing
Sweetest song ever heard,
A melody caught from the skies above,
And its theme shall be, love, changeless love.

No. XXIII.

WHEN THE HOPES OF OUR LAND.

Air — "The English, bad luck to them, whack 'em again!"

When the hopes of our land
Have been dashed from our hand
Like a beaker of wine,
Of red beaded wine,

And empty 's the cup
That our spirits filled up,
 Shall we sit down and whine,
 But simper and whine ?
No ! we'll stand to our post,
Tho' the battle be lost ;
 Still our strong hearts remain,
 Unconquered remain.
And if Fortune doth frown,
We'll just trample her down,
 And press forward again,
 March forward again.

Let the coward or slave
Slink away to his grave,
 On his spirit the brand
 Of tyranny's hand ;
But let ours be the death,
This old banner beneath,
 For our homes and our land,
 The green fields of our land.
What is life, but a chain
That doth bind us to pain,
 And whose links are sad years,
 Dark, sorrowful years ?

Oh, but death is the Fay
That can show us the way
Thro' the valley of tears,
Past the valley of tears.

So, dear Eire, fill up
The old Liberty cup
With our heart's crimson tide,
To Freedom, our bride.
Sure, our sires, long ago,
'Gainst our black-hearted foe
Ranged them close by her side,
Fought and fell by her side ;
And to win back her smile
For an hour to our Isle,
Oh, 't were worth all our years,
Of heart-burning tears.
So we 'll at them once more,
Like our fathers of yore,
With the old battle cheers,
Red victory's cheers.

STAR OF THE EVENING.

Rise, Star of the Even, rise, beautiful star,
Like the soft eye of Peace o'er the black wing of war!
Like the beacon of Faith o'er the sea of despair
Thy tremulous light skims the dark waves of air,
And our spirits, like barques, o'er the still waters move,
Their sensitive sails filled with breathings of love,
And old music voices, like echoes from heaven,
All born with thy beams, beauteous Star of the Even.

Sweet Star of the Even, thro' valley and grove
Thy rising is hailed as the signal of Love —
When night flings her tresses abroad o'er the earth,
And her gems from their settings of ebon shine forth,
While the sky is ablaze like a sapharined sea,
The village maid gazes alone but on thee,
And her heart to her cheek sends its hot blushing tide,
For thou art the lamp to light Love to her side.

Ho ! black eyes all flashings, and blue ones all smiles,
The night winds are roaming the sycamore aisles ;
There are throbbing hearts waiting beneath the dark trees,
Whom nor low winds flow'r-odor'd nor bright stars can
please.

Come forth to their gaze all transfigured, and move
Thro' the blue vaulted aisles like their visions of love ;
The night airs will fail in your soul-laden sighs,
And the stars pale their light in the glow of your eyes.

Oh, sweet dewy twilights ! oh, heaven-tinct hours !
Will ye never revisit our tenantless bowers,
And bring our lost Pleiades back from the skies,
With the soft-glowing cheeks and the love-lighted eyes ?
Shall we feel the spiced airs of the greenwood no more,
While the night wears her dream-woven glories of yore,
And our earth-prisoned souls soar away o'er their bars,
To roam the blue fields in the light of the stars ?

Tho' the eyes are long dimmed that shone bright on our
way,

And the hearts that beat fondly are cold in the clay,
And the voices whose melodies thrilled the nights long
Live but in our souls like the echoes of song —
All passed like the odor of flowers on the wind,
And left but the mem'ry of beauty behind,
As we gaze thro' our tears to their high homes in heaven,
In their names we bless thee, sweet Star of the Even.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Scene — The Bachelor's Cottage : *Hour* — The witching time o' night.

Dramatis Personæ — Maurice O'Day.

Several others represented through spirit manifestations.

I sit in my cottage in summer flowers smothered,
And should be the happiest mortal alive,
Its myself that can 't tell why my heart is so bothered,
Unless being unmarried and passed twenty-five ;
All thro' the long nights I rest very unaisy,
For the colleens' bright eyes do be shining on me ;
Sure I 've drove all the girls in the parish half crazy,
And love ev'ry red lip and light foot that I see.

I do n't like this plucking one rose from the garden
And wearing it close to your heart all thro' life ;
With the light of the parish one woman rewardin'—
The deuce take the man that invented one wife.
While my soul spreads abroad like a sky o'er creation,
And the stars that shine in it are woman's bright eyes,
Must two eyes eclipse the whole stars of the nation ?
They must be two suns if they light up my skies.

But talking is dry, and, faith, so is thinking ;
Here goes for a cup of Tim Mulligan's Tay ;

When the spirit is troubled, there's nothing like drinking
For driving the blue devils off and away.

This is the dew of the night from the mountain,
The Saxon's red plummet ne'er sank in its light;
And here is the crystal from Annes' blesséd fountain,
But it would be a sin to defile it to-night.

Says my grandfather Tom, "when you want a good
jorum,

Take whisky and boil till it half disappears;
Then sweeten with honey — pour lemon juice o'er 'em,
But wather, me boy,'s a producer of tears."

And so I fill up and I drink to the Bradys —

Och! they were the boys for a fight or a spree —
Let me see, I was talking of Love and the Ladies,
'T is a subject just now more agreeable to me.

When I feel the bright eyes of a maiden fall o'er me,
My heart melts like butter in July's hot sun;
But her smiles and bright lips, bursting cherries, restore
me,

And into her arms then my fancy doth run.
'The worst of all is how they cross my devotions;
When angels from Eden smile down upon me,
'T is not heads and pinions that cause my commotions,
They 're full-blooded, well-bodied angels I see.

The blackguards all say it is time I was married ;
Of course they would like me well out of their way,
For many's the smooth-flowing match has miscarried
When the colleens clapt eyes upon Maurice O'Day.
Some spalpeens, too, hint of me looking much older ;
There is not a white signal of death yet appears ;
I 'm straight as a lance from the heel to the shoulder,
And can lead in the dance for the next dozen years.

But let us rove thro' all the gardens of pleasure,
And sip ev'ry dew-drop and cull ev'ry flower,
And drink at Love's fountain from Passion's huge measure,
In the end all the sweets get unsav'ry and sour.
Then custom, the gorgon, cracks whip, and instanter
We must choose a partner to love as a wife ;
We pluck up the first, and are off in a canter —
A team oft ill-matched for the rough road of life.

So while one is young and can still have the pick of
The girls, he had better prepare for life's race,
Not snatch up some jade to wed and get sick of
When the dews wash the blushings of rouge from her
face.
I know some sweet maidens, young, buxom and bonny,
With tongues free from guile and with souls free from
sin,

With hearts full of love and with socks full of money,
And they're always the better for having the tin.

There's sweet Jenny Rogan, the milliner's trimmin',
The purtiest maiden from Loughill to Glenn;
The mother runs off with the heads of the women,
The daughter away with the hearts of the men.
There she sits thro' the day, 'mong her ribbons and
bonnets,

Like a Fay, thro' the roses her white fingers play;
And all the young swains writing love-burning sonnets,
She laughs at their pains, and works, singing away.

And next, Anna Lone, the old miller's proud daughter,
The flower of the village, the lads call dear Ann;
Many's the young heart for marriage has sought her,
But she laughs as she walks o'er the heart of a man.
She's the lone star that's left in the sky of the miller;
In the mill race of life death has left him alone;
Could pity grind out the heart of this man-killer,
We'd have treble X flour, what we now think is stone

There's gay Fanny Phaire, who is always coquetting;
What soul-snaring demons revel in her eyes;
When she drops down her lids it is like the sun setting,
When she lifts them again it is like the sunrise.

She moves 'mid the throng to her subjects dispensing
Her smiles like a Queen knighting heroes of old ;
The sighs from their lips the enamored air censing ;
Ah, she is not molded for one heart to hold.

Yet, damn it, in spite of all, one must admire her,
She lists to one's vows with such magical grace,
And the passion that burns in your soul seems to fire her,
And just when you've got her she laughs in your face.
She will not tone down to the slow jog of mortals,
In harness for life she would surely break thro',
And fly to those spheres where romance guards the portals ;
But that is the way all those summer birds do.

There is Kitty Creagh ; well, her face is not handsome,
But her bust is like Juno's, her ankle sublime ;
Her house is her own ; she has good sense, too, and some
Gold in her locket, which brings her to time.
And it matters not much about fair face and stature,
Looks are skin deep — at least so we are told,
But beauty's a passport that's given by nature,
And a ticket that's surer than silver or gold.

There's Nora McDonogh and sweet Kenny Geary,
A brace of wild ring doves, all billings and coos,
And either would make this bleak wilderness cheery
If one only knew which dear charmer to choose.

Sure, all the night long I could go on thus stringing
The bright living jewels around my fond heart,
Their clear, lustrous eyes such rich floods of light flinging,
That shadows, like clouds in the sun, must depart.

They 're my Ros'ry each night, and my fond spirit lingers
Around their dear names when I go on my knees,
While the beads slide along thro' my head and my fingers,
I give each bright angel a kiss and a squeeze.
And when I lie down to sleep, all their bright faces
And soft-swelling forms pass just beyond reach,
Not so much like angels, but more like the graces;
Not heaven nor earth, but a portion of each.

Sure, the Lord must have smiled when he created woman,
And bade her go glowing in loveliness forth;
No wonder, of old, that her love, deep and human,
Drew spirits from heaven to dwell upon earth.
Oh, if the angels and saints were all Heros,
Had enough of the woman to light their cold eyes,
Not those snowy-robed beauties, those spiritual zeros,
We 'd swim the thin air for to reach the blue skies.

The soul to the face flies to honor her presence,
Her eyes to the heart send their magical light;
Her breath fills the air with a sweet, holy essence;
The sweep of her hair's like the passing of night.

She moves like the sun, chasing shadows before her ;

Her head in the sky and our hearts 'neath her foot,
So what can man do but fall down and adore her,

From the crown of her head to the tip of her boot ?

In the palace of art, among statues and painting,

Ev'ry eye has some fav'rite to sit down before,
The pose of the head or the glow of the teinting —
So each has a beauty to love and adore.

Tho' I never could feel this sublime admiration

For Venus on canvas, or Hebe in stone,
Couldn't worship mere clay, lacking soul, animation,
I would rather have one flesh and blood of my own.

Let me see ; with bright eyes let us make a beginning,

And each has his own sweet, peculiar hue,
Of the numberless shades that are winning and sinning,
From the satanic black to the heavenly blue.

While each has its own mode of teasing and killing,

Of flinging its arrows to wound or to kill,
It must be confessed that man is quite willing
To fall at the shrine of each conqueror still.

Now, your black eye is one of the best face adorners,

Like the glare of the sun, it absorbs our whole sight ;
The plainest of faces, prude, modest, or scorners,
Looks grand in the glow of its wonderful light.

While the delicate blue, tho' angelic, is trying,
And requires its surroundings all perfect and true ;
The dimple, the smile, the soft blushing, the sighing,
All must conspire to look well in its hue.

To the brilliant black beauties that high power is given —
As for good or for evil their glances are thrown —
To lead us to hell or to lead us to heaven,
While the blue can but lead us to heaven alone.
And Love sits enthroned in the ebon-hued glory,
But Passion's camp followers stand at his back,
While (but this must be only the artist's false story,)
No devil wears blue eyes, no angel wears black.

Let the gray and the brown, as their views are inclining,
Take sides, and the others of varying hue,
In the battle where eyes are each other outshining,
Beneath their great leaders, the Black and the Blue.
I never could choose, being a bad judge of tinting,
I've seen ev'ry hue, and surrendered to all,
And I cannot rebuke mother Nature for painting
Them light as the heavens or black as the pall.

From the eye to the mouth — see those bold female Catos,
Those long rubber lips that will never grow tired,
While others seem formed just for mashing potatoes ;
Look out for the thin upper lip when 't is fired ;

Do n't those proud curling lips seem averse to caressing ?

They'll love, but it must be when daylight is gone ;
But those soft, pouting rubies, that look like a blessing,
Were formed for caressing and kissing alone.

Then the neck, not too thick, nor too long, nor too slender,
Softly white, richly round, full of beauty and grace.

Peggy White has a neck — (may the fairies defend her) —
As fine as e'er carried a blush to a face

And the hair, as you please, but I like it best flowing,
Like a stream, o'er the shoulders and down to the waist,
As tho' it knew not, nor cared where, it was going,
Not careless nor studied, but negligent taste.

And the bosom ! ah, this is the home where the graces

Sit throned on the fair hill by Love made divine ;
Your eye and your heart may be captured by faces
But the bust, well developed, is master of mine.

Then the waist, just the size of what nature intended,
For the arm of a lover to entwine it secure,
Well rounded, not gross, strength and gracefulness blended ;
Your wasp waists and beer kegs I cannot endure.

Now the ankle and foot, those two man-taking minions,
Must not be too fast, nor too heavy and slow,
But like those of Mercury, lacking the pinions,
Small, graceful, but solid, like some that we know.

When I see such as these I feel always like bribing
The winds just to lift up the petticoat blest ;
But we need n't go further in looks or describing,
The ankle and foot always speak for the rest.

When you meet such a woman she's a jewel, and take her,
She'll cheer up your heart and will lighten your hearth ;
She's the *chef d'œuvre* of the great Undertaker,
The pride of the skies and the glory of earth.
And our own lovéd Erin's their bountiful matron ;
Like joys in her sorrow they come at her call,
Like fairies they move at the dance and the patron,
'They blush in the cottage, they bloom in the hall.

Do n't I sit like a satyr by wood nymphs surrounded ?
A dozen dear beauties are now within call,
And all their bright arrows have struck me and wounded,
I bear in my bosom the love-marks of all.
'There they are, like a casket of ripe jewels glancing ;
"Take one !" cries the genii, with horrible glare,
And dazzled I stand, o'er their brightness entrancing ;
"So many jewels ! one only to wear !!"

Let me count off my beads ; by the powers of Moll Kelly,
I never once thought of Tom Cair's daughter Nell !
Now I'll drink a full cup to the health of dear Nelly,
Whose soul's as pure as St. Anne's blessed well,

She will not intrude, her sweet spirit's so modest,
Not e'en in one's thoughts till all others depart,
Then she glides in, when the fairest and proudest
Have passed like a dream, to her place in the heart.

Her's is the heart that's not given to roaming,
And her's is the eye that subdues, not excites,
That would weep for one's absence and smile at his coming ;
Just the thing for a fireside on bleak winter nights.
As she trips o'er the fields on a fine summer's morning,
When dew-drops, like diamonds, shine bright on each
spray,
In the high halls of light then you'd swear she'd been
born in,
And came to the earth just to herald the day.

She flits round the place, like a sunbeam, disposing
The milk pans and pails, and the things of the house,
Such ankles, such feet, such white arms disclosing ;
She's fit for the gods, but will drive home the cows.
In short, she is just what she should be — a Woman —
And that word means beauty and goodness combined ;
She deserves, and should have, the whole love of a true
man ;
Her heart is as pure as her soul is refined.

I wish that my bosom was not so expanded,
But could glow in the light of a pair of sweet eyes,
Or that I in some ocean island was landed,
With dear Nelly Cair for my bride and my prize.
But here, as I sit, with a hundred eyes shining,
I say to them all, stars of brightness, shine on,
Let their long, flowing locks round my spirit keep twining,
My heart holds too many to beat true to one.

And still, like the child in the garden of daisies,
I'll wander delighted from flower unto flower,
And when I grow tired in the bright odored mazes
I'll rest by the streams in the first fairy's bower.
Yes, heart, thro' the garden we'll still go a roving,
Untrammelled by fetters, light, airy, and free ;
And boat down the river of singleness, loving
Every fair face from its source to the sea.

So I fill up the bowl to my soul's restoration ;
Hurra for the wedding, the dance, and the fair !
To the dogs with old Hymen and his botheration,
I'll live my old life, free from sorrow and care.
When a man once steps into the marriage dominions
He fetters his soul to his children and wife,
Then his spirit must fling off her light, airy pinions,
And drag on the earth o'er the rough road of life.

OUR DUTY TO THE DEAD.

Written on hearing Schuyler Colfax speak on the evils of slavery.

Throughout the North a cry went forth upon the lightning's breath,

And the summer air was druggéd with its heavy wave of death,

As it wept along a fun'ral song till its arch of wailing spann'd,

Like the heavy shade of Azrael, the households of the land —

And as it flings its sable wings unfolding like a pall,

It speaks of woe and sorrowing and loneliness to all —

It was the cry of Liberty above the Men who died

Upon her hundred battle-fields to keep her glorified.

The Artisan grew pale and wan, and left his work undone,

The Farmer left his golden grain to rot beneath the sun,

The Matron wept, of hope bereft, the shadow by her side,

The Maiden flung her gems away to think of him that died,

And ev'ry hearth throughout the North was robed in hues of mourning

For those who went upon that march from which there's no returning;

But a joyous pride for those who died o'ertopped their
giant woes,

For they had fall'n for Freedom's cause and battling Free-
dom's foes.

Dark Slav'ry stood, a thing of blood, and swung his clotted
whip,

Foul murder in his blackened heart and curses on his lip ;
Of giant mold, his lash unrolled flung blood drops to the
skies,

His march was over broken hearts, his breath was woman's
cries.

This God outlawed ! he overawed for years this mighty
land,

E'en freemen crouched in silence 'neath his uplifted hand—
Till the gleaming sword of an outraged Lord had smote
him to the earth,

Then in the land, and not till then, true Liberty had birth.

Oh, mighty men of sword and pen, bethink ye how they
died,

On many a fiery battle-field, how many a household's pride
Marched to the tomb in youth and bloom, that Freedom
still might own

A land where men could move without the shadow of a
throne.

The war is done, the fight is won; now shall their cause
go down?

And have your households given their gems in vain to
Freedom's crown?

And shall those chains that emptied veins to burst, be
link'd once more,

To fill the land with woman's cries, to flush the land with
gore?

The war is done, the fight is won! Not yet, my friends,
't is ye

Must raise above the mighty dead the shaft of liberty,
And stand around the sacred ground where your dead
brothers sleep,

And of its crimson harvest see their murderers do not reap.
The dagger still that struck to kill our country, gleams
once more;

'T is clutched within the same red hand that's foul with
brother's gore,

If on the land the heavy hand of slavery falls again,
Then have your sisters wept their tears, your brothers
fall'n in vain.

FOR FREEDOM AND FOR LOGAN.

Air—"We'll march right down to Washington."

When Freedom flew
Her starry blue
O'er treason's black dominions,
And fanned the fires
Lit by our sires
Of old, with eagle pinions ;
And from the hills,
Like thunder thrills,
Rang out the battle slogan —
The foremost man
That led the van
To war, was gallant Logan !
Chorus— Now worse than steel,
Let treason feel
The people's mighty slogan !
Then three times three
For Liberty,
And gallant Johnny Logan !

Who firmly stood
When waves of blood
Swept over square and column,

And traced his name,
With bay'net flame,
In glory's crimson volume !
On battle-field
Our nation's shield,
His voice was Freedom's slogan ;
And Victory
Leaped wild, for she
Had lent her sword to Logan !
Chorus—Now worse than steel,
Let treason feel, etc.

Hark ! from the graves
Where sleep our braves
With Freedom's sunlight shrouded ;
Who flushed the plains
From throbbing veins
To keep her face unclouded ;
Across our souls,
Like war song, rolls
The old Corps' thrilling slogan —
Whose cry congealed
On battle-field,
The foe of land and Logan.
Chorus—Now worse than steel,
Let treason feel, etc.

Oh, comrades ! who
Have swept the dew
From Southern fields together
And filled the skies
With Vict'ry's cries,
And marched 'gainst wind and weather ;
Come hand in hand,
For native land,
Ring out your battle slogan ;
They never yield,
On flood or field,
Who fight 'neath gallant Logan !

Chorus—Now worse than steel,
Let treason feel
The people's mighty slogan !
Then three times three
For Victory,
The Union, and for Logan !

THE EXILES.

Scene — On the Western Prairies — An Irish settlement — Meeting in the evening to talk of Home.

Soft from the west the evening airs are blowing,
Kissing the long grass and the maples tall ;
'Neath the setting sun the billowy plain is glowing,
Within the woods we hear the wild dove's call ;
Like tranquil thoughts the streams are flowing,
And Freedom flings her halo over all ;
Yet sad as in a desert wide we stand,
For we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

Broad are these acres that our sons inherit,
And rich the bounty which their beauty yields ;
The title deeds are manly worth and merit,
Heraldries emblazoned broad upon their shields.
No tyrant laws to fret the chainless spirit
That walks abroad, the master of the fields ;
Yet, like very slaves and bondsmen do we stand,
Bearing the fetters of our Fathers' Land.

We sit mute watchers, sad and fondly urning
The sacred ashes of our murdered race,
The fires of love within our bosoms burning,
And hate that tyranny could not efface.

The while our hearts, like wounded doves, are turning
And yearning for the only resting place,
The pleasant valleys and the mountains grand,
And the endless beauties of our Fathers' Land.

And so we sit, like shadows in the shadow,
And wonder if the hills are still the same,
If the lark still sings above the sunny meadow,
And if each lane still bears its olden name.
Does the Banshee flit and cry, poor widow,
Around the churchyard?—how we hang our heads for
shame —
What if the spoiler laid his heavy hand
Upon the graveyards of our Fathers' Land?

Are the apple boughs across the pathways bending,
Tempting the school-boys with their ruddy glow?
Sure, Mother Nature placed the fruit, intending
They should be pulled, and hung the branches low.
Somehow, we ne'er see fruit with colors blending
Like those that charmed our young eyes long ago,
Their boughs hang o'er us like the enchanter's wand,
Breathing the odors of our Fathers' Land.

Do the wild bees hum around the red-lipped clover,
Sipping the sweetness from each honey pool?
Do the winds come wandering the green hills over,
Fanning the weary with their kisses cool?

Does the river sigh like a sweet-voiced lover,
Wooing the truants away from school ?
Do they write their sweethearts' names upon the sand ?
So will they vanish from their Fathers' Land.

When the summer moon is shining brightly,
Do the young folk meet on the village green ?
Do they dance the pleasant reels and planxties lightly ?
Or can they dance them grand as we have seen ?
In our thoughts and dreams we are with them nightly,
Though many a league of ocean flows between ;
Ah ! planxties gay, and reels well planned,
To show the beauties of our Fathers' Land.

We know the hills are green and grand as ever,
The lark still warbles and the wild bees hum ;
In fancy we can trace each brook and river,
Where the honeysuckles and the daisies bloom ;
And Nature's myriad tongues sing pæans to the Giver
For her eternal looks of light and gloom,
The smiling heavens and the breezes bland,
And the living verdure of our Fathers' Land.

But still we miss some old familiar places ;
There was a village once between those hills ;
Along those blood-red blotches ruin traces
The ravished hearth place and the cottage sills,

And where the shining flock of Sunday faces
Were mirrored in the crystal-flowing rills,
The lazy herds, dull, soulless matter, stand
Where life and spirit vivified the Land.

The summer moonbeams still are shining brightly,
But the village maidens from the green are flown,
No more they dance the reels and planxties lightly,
The harp is mute, the harper dead and gone ;
From many a foreign home their sad hearts nightly
Send up deep curses to the eternal throne,
In ev'ry land where roams the unhappy band,
Against the spoilers of their Fathers' Land.

Is there naught left but woman's tears and curses ?
We 've sighed our souls away on bended knee,
And spite of all our prayers the land but getting worse is,
Our tears but swell her streams of agony.
The black processions after funeral hearses
Have filled her cup with hopeless misery ;
Famine and Death have full command,
And stalk their armies thro' the sorrowing Land.

Some wear their trappings in the house of mourning,
Riding the people down with iron heel ;
Like Neros, fiddling while the towns are burning,
They dance, 'mid skulls and bones, the devil's reel.

Like fiends let loose, for further carnage yearning,
They must have corpses new for ev'ry meal ;
And round about like hounds of hell they stand,
Eating the vitals of their native Land.

On ev'ry hand are gorgeous temples rearing
Their tow'ring heads to mock the eternal God,
While MAN, *his living temple*, 's disappearing
From the land, or crushed into the sod ;
And sleek-faced shepherds preach how Erin,
The beloved, but feels His chastening rod ;
That Famine and Death are from His loving hand,
To scourge us, for His glory, from our Land.

Oh, heartless parricides ! oh, lying preachers !
Who wear the garb of heaven and worship hell ;
Whose womb has vomited a brood of teachers
Who cry aloud 'mid death that all is well ;
You 've filled the land with beggarly beseechers
Who bless the Lord they 've got a Land to sell ;
The ancient soul of Erin you 've unmanned,
And filled with heartlessness our once great Land.

Upon the altar steps you stand, unblushing,
And preach that evil cometh from the Lord ;
Up to each cheek we feel the hot blood flushing,
To hear you desecrate God's holy word.

As from their homes our plundered race go rushing,
Ye see a Sacred, not a Saxon, sword ;
That each poor slave doth bear a burning brand,
To spread his Faith throughout the stranger's Land.

Oh, friends, our woes are not from heaven descended,
Their origin is earthly, not divine ;
When God smiled on our race he ne'er intended
That thro' our valleys we should mope and whine ;
Go forth, He said, with brows erect, unbended,
The land and all thereon fore'er be thine ;
To each a bright sword and a strong right hand,
" Be masters, and not servants, in the Land."

And while we stood erect, with bright swords glancing,
A line of light along the sounding sea,
Our fleets well laden o'er the waters dancing,
Proclaimed a land unawed, a people free.
Upon the mighty march of mind advancing,
Leading the nations to the light, till we
Beheld the Almighty's glowing hand
Tracing His blessings o'er the smiling Land.

At last we slept beside our shining sabres,
And while we slept some monks stole them away,
And preached how men should love and use their neighbors,
And taught us how to bend the knee and pray ;

And they were paid for all their cunning labors,
For soon we bent, and bowed, and prayed alway ;
Our swords were bartered for the shepherd's wand,
The wolf-dogs changed to sheep throughout the Land.

Then came the Saxon, on his mission slaying,
Unto the land where once he lived a slave ;
He found us not in arms, but lowly praying,
Praying to Martyrs and to Saints to save.
We bowed our necks unto the butchers, saying,
" Thy will be done," and filled a common grave.
Too late we found the shepherd's crook ill-planned
To drive the Saxon wild boar from the Land.

Poor Land ! 't was thus deception brought her
From her proud attitude to bended knee ;
The Saxon monks sang, "*Benedicite, fair daughter,*"
And bound her limbs in chains of slavery,
Then gave her up to foreign fraud and slaughter,
To Norman lust and Saxon perfidy,
And Native feud, by foreign cunning planned,
O'erflowed the chalice of thy woes, dear Land.

The hour for action is no time for praying,
Mere words, at best, are nought but empty air —
A cheap and pleasant method for defraying
The soul's expenses thro' this world of care ;

But from the skies are thunder-voices, saying,
One noble action is a life of prayer.
Hear this, ye sycophants, who calmly stand
Chanting your hymns, while death is in the Land.

'T is not by prayers and tears the pilgrim reaches
'The mountain tops, where man can touch the skies ;
'T is not thro' flowing bowls nor flippant speeches
A nation's pathway unto Freedom lies —
Thro' battle's iron hail, and bloody breaches,
Marchings, loud hurras, and dying cries,
'The gallop to the grave, the guns well manned,
This is thy road to go, my Erieland.

And this is the olden path of fame and glory
That diademed your fearless brow for years ;
The source of harper's song, the light of minstrel story,
Was the glare of battle streaming from your spears ;
How their lines were smashed by Hugh the Red and Rory,
And like grass went down their bold cavaliers.
Who now shall wield great Hugh's red battle brand.
To whip the scorpions from our Fathers' Land ?

Oh, for a day upon the hills reclining,
And gazing on the green vales far below,
And fifty thousand rifles, new and shining,
And fifty thousand Irish hearts I know,

With fifty thousand crimson bay'nets, signing
Petitions with the heart's blood of the foe!
Not British power, nor hell itself, could stand
Their headlong charge for Freedom and our Land.

Oh, for to see the Saxon hirelings flying,
The hungry land enriched with tyrant blood,
The spirit of our race sublime, undying,
Defiant stand upon this devil's brood;
And, her countless wrongs for vengeance crying,
Stamp and tramp them in the very mud,
Like God's bright angel over Satan stand,
And hurl their hordes of darkness from the Land.

Unconquered Ireland! sad and beauteous nation,
Thy sons are giants, but like children still;
They have the strength, but lack the application
To merge their souls into one mighty will,
And hurl the fury of this new creation
Upon the thrones of despots, smite and kill,
And sweep their brood with an avenging hand
Into the depths of hell from our fair Land.

Within our hearts a boundless love is glowing,
Where'er on earth we lonely exiles roam
A spirit flies before our vision, showing
The dreamland, crying, "thither, thither come."

We wander, heedless how or where we're going,
Because our weary hearts are not at home ;
We live and die upon a foreign strand,
Forever dreaming of our Fathers' Land.

And shall we sigh and think of home forever,
And sink unhonored into nameless graves ?
And shall we see our own green mountains never,
And cross but in our dreams the bounding waves ?
And roam no more by woodland and by river,
But live as bondsmen and expire as slaves,
The horizon of our existence spanned
By desert wastes, and not by Fatherland ?

And must the life-tide from the breast of Erin
Forever flow and bound thro' foreign veins,
Upon the battle-fields of Freedom, cheering
The wav'ring hearts and bursting bondsmen's chains ?
Or, paths of progress thro' the wild woods clearing,
Wasting its vigor on the dewless plains,
Then sinking, like Afric rivers, in the sand,
That should have beautified our own fair Land ?

In the hush of night, when all the world is sleeping —
The student pondering over olden books,
The lonely sentinel his watches keeping,
But thinking of green vales and laughing brooks —

A form comes in chains before them weeping,
In sorrow crowned, yet beautiful she looks,
And, pointing to her fetters, doth she stand,
The unavengéd spirit of our Land.

Oh, men of purpose grand, and faith unshaken,
Who march unto the music of the spherè,
Whose firm resolve to reach the goal is taken,
E'en tho' your path be one of blood and tears,
Press on, undaunted ! lo, the Day is breaking !
Already on our flag its light appears,
And soon its wings of glory will expand,
And fling its sunshine o'er our suff'ring Land.

Sons of the Old Land, each to each a brother,
Where'er on this broad earth by tyrants hurled,
Strike hands in love ! stand true to one and other,
A link of brotherhood around the world !
Our motto be, " IRELAND, OUR COMMON MOTHER !"
And raise and keep the old green flag unfurled,
And lead or follow where the true command,
Our lives and works be all for Fatherland.

MABEL GRAEME.

Sweet Mabel Graeme!

The very name

Falls warmly o'er the mind,

And winter gray

Melts soft away

'Neath mem'ry's summer wind ;

And hand in hand,

In Erie land,

We rove the valleys thro',

Among the hills

And by the rills,

And o'er the morning dew.

Sweet Mabel Graeme !

How soft the name

Floats down the summer wind,

As fancy weaves

On dreamy eves

Her weird spells o'er the mind.

When up the sky

The moon rides high,

And stars look on the sea,

By wood and stream

Her bright eyes gleam —

Two glories haunting me.

The town of Cair
Was very fair
 Some twenty years ago,
E'er the rime of age
Had dulled life's page
 With winter's drift and snow ;
But when Youth flings
His sunny wings
 O'er hills and valleys green,
'Their magic light
Makes all things bright
 To the eyes of sweet eighteen.

'T is sweet to rove
With those we love
 Beneath the evening skies,
When blushes speak
Upon the cheek,
 And answer in the eyes ;
When pulses beat
With flying feet,
 Like Cupids round the heart,
And the glaring moon
Doth rise so soon,
 And it takes so long to part.

Oh, stolen hours
In woodland bowers,
 To youth, and love, and virtue given,
When angels ope
The gates of hope,
 And flood our souls with light from heav'n,
Thro' all the strife
Of after life
 You shine like sun rays in a prison ;
Upon our barque
That cleaves the dark,
 You 're the lights on main and mizen.

But Christian spleen
Came in between
 Where death could not divide,
And Mabel Graeme
In time became
 In love with death, and died.
In faction's school
Is old men's rule,
 They worship God above
By rage and hate,
Forgetting that
 Heaven knows no creed but love.

* * * * *

Oh, Faction! worse
Than Cromwell's curse
You've been to our fair land;
Your countless woes
Have been our foes
'Neath Satan's black command.
While Christian creeds
Dissension breeds
'Twixt man and man, 'twixt race and race,
Each vow, each prayer,
Is lost in air,
They never reach the throne of grace.

Great God! and when
Shall Irishmen
Rise o'er Creed and Saxon guile,
Join heart and hand
And nobly stand
Up for the rights of the Green Isle?
We are all brothers;
From our mother's
Breast we've drank the same deep woe,
From the same sod
We own one God,
One Fatherland, one common foe.

While some may bend
Where rivers blend
 With fervent prayer their homilies,
And others pray
Where mountains gray
 Lift them to God's sunny skies ;
Where turrets rear
Their heads in air,
 Others sing God's praise on high ;
But church or grove,
All songs of love
 Float from our hearts to one bright sky.

God send the day
When all will pray
 In the light of intelligence,
And the Altar give,
With the right to live,
 More Faith and less pretence ;
When Love shall rule
In Church and School,
 And Hate be driven forth,
And find no rest
In the human breast
 From the South unto the North.

* * * * *

In dreams I go
From these hills of snow
 To where the rivers wander down
The valleys wide,
And sweep beside
 The ancient pleasant town,
And I steal away,
In the twilight gray,
 Under the linden trees,
And I catch the glow
Of her robes of snow
 That float on the evening breeze.

She comes to me
Until I see
 Her raven hair and clear blue eyes,
Dark locks of night,
Sweet eyes of light,
 Sparkling stars and moonless skies ;
From ev'ry sigh
That wanders by,
 Her voice comes singing to my heart,
Then I behold
Her wings of gold
 Unfold in glory and depart.

In the crimson rays
Of waning days,
Far from the homes of men,
Our souls were wed,
And the angels said,
From the skies above, "Amen!"
Here creeds divide,
But side by side,
When bonds of earth are riven,
In the skies above,
Where all is love,
She 'll yet be mine in heaven.

LOVE OF COUNTRY UNIVERSAL.

Where tropic sun from airless, burning skies
Glares, tiger-like, upon the arid sand —
Where his hot breath, cooled by fresh'ning dews,
Falls, like mother's kisses, on the flow'ry meads —
Where northern hills upheave their frigid breasts,
And sleep, unfruitful, in his faint embrace —
Where'er on this round earth the heart of man
Beats time unto the ceaseless march of life,
The first grand passion that o'erflows the soul,

And overawes the lesser springs of life
That crouch to this high giant monarch,
Like spaniels to their master's dreaded feet,

IS LOVE OF COUNTRY.

If the swarthy son of hot and dewless plains
Clings with his clouded ken and lampless soul
Unto his lion mother's burning breast,
That in her passion-blinded love doth spill
His blood upon the myriad-mouthéd sands,
That gape with maddened, never-ending thirst,
And lap huge rivers, with their fiery tongues,
That fall like dew-drops on the boundless sea ;
If, wrapped in robes that nature fitting gave
The polar bear to roam o'er fields of ice,
And howl defiance to the cutting winds,
The swarthy Esquimeaux doth love his mother,
Within whose breast the lamp of life doth burn,
Like distant fires that light but warm him not,
And as he gallops o'er the moonlit snows
While Aurora's handmaids dance along the skies,
And the stars shine out in cloudless beauty,
Radiant, and cold, and chaste as eyes of Nuns
That glow for but burn not with the light of earth,
While cold winds sweep across blue fields of ice,
The very silence crisping in their breath,

The distant billows struggling in the grasp
Of the frigid spectre who looks them dumb,
And chokes their howling in her icy arms;
If, with all around a bleak, blank desert,
He sings his songs of country that are borne
On the fine ear'd atmosphere across the hills
Unto the snowy dwelling of his love —
Standing on thy eternal hills of beauty,
Thy breath, like the fresh warm airs of Eden,
Spiced with the odors of immortal flowers,
The blue-veined rivers flowing from thy bosom,
That fruitful as the garden of the sun
Swells voluptuous in the sea's embrace,
How should thy children love and worship thee,
GREEN ERIELAND !

Oh, my love, thou art fairer than the dreams
That our first mother's world-tired spirit dreamt
Of Paradise, when, crowned with sin and toil,
She slept upon the bosom of the earth.
And as she turned her at the golden gates
To look her last upon its fadeless glories,
God's angel waved her off with flaming sword,
And shut its beauty from her sighing soul,
So we go forth in tears from Erieland,
Not by our God, but Satan driven forth

With whips of fire and lying, polished tongues,
Famine's slow torture, fraud, and bold deceit,
And all hell's black and cunning combinations ;
We wander sadly o'er the barren earth,
Hewing our pathways thro' the trackless woods,
Wringing our bread from labor's stony bosom,
Resting along the world's dusty highways
And dreaming of thy valleys and green fields.

But as upon the cross Christ's blood did flow,
And at his God-like presence, man being dead,
The angels smiled along the high and holy walls,
And sheathed forever up their flaming swords,
The golden gates flew musically ope
So wide that where He entered all the earth
Who choose his path of light may follow,
Thus cheating yawning darkness of its prey ;
And so, to gain our earthly Eden land
And send the devils howling into hell,
Not blood of heaven, but of man, must flow.
As Israel's way to the land of promise
Lay thro' the billows of an ocean red,
So, children of the Lord and of the Gael,
Our pathway lies thro' seas of fire and blood,
Whose crimson waves shall sweep their gilded thrones
And crownéd harlots, with their godless brood

That have polluted our fair Christian land,
Into the howling sea of endless night.
The soul that would be cleansed and purified,
Must pass thro' fire to mold it for the skies.
Look up, my Land ! your faith was never shaken ;
Those are but fiends that stand along your walls,
And guard with jealous care the garden's bloom
To fat the minions of their curséd race ;
The while our mother and her blue-eyed children
Cry for bread, and roam dejected thro' the vales
Where trees are bending with their luscious fruit,
And the earth is groaning with the waving grain,
(But watched by fiery fiends with flaming swords,)
And so they lie beneath the fruitful trees,
And in the yellow fields of ripened corn,

And die for bread —

Call in your legions from the boundless earth,
Range their millioned hearts in solid phalanx,
Flush the heavens with their shining sabres,
And, with angry faces turned unto the foe,
Pass along the slogan, " Home ! Revenge ! "
And charge upon them like the lightning bolt
That kills before its thunders shake the earth,
And from the flashings of the electric sword
They 'll fly, like Satan from the glance of God.

What is this life, that man should hoard it up
As the miser hoards his heaps of yellow gold,
And grows old and fades and dies in watching ?
So poring over ledgers smelling of the tomb,
And racking our brains o'er loss and profit,
Weaving webs in dingy holes and corners,
Like spiders, catching the unwary flies, "
We spend our days ignobly until Death,
Like housemaid, with his besom comes along
And sweeps us and our webs into the dust ;
The while our friends look on with nostrils closed,
Life so sickens at our foul corruption,
And angels weep above our lives misspent,
The clear and holy current of the soul
Turned aside, black and fœtid, breathing death
To all who lived upon its upas banks,
That should have sparkled in the living sun,
Dispensing blessings and being blessed by all.
He who chains his spirit down to self,
And moves along with dull material pace,
Who never links his soul to some great cause
Where men assay to lift the fallen up,
To bear the torch of freedom thro' the world,
And bid creation flourish in its light,
And the earth rejoice that tyranny was dead,
And man could walk his own green fields and hills

With not a shadow 'twixt his soul and God —
He 's a scar upon the face of Nature,
Whose system sickens till she throws him off,
He 's galloped to the tomb, flung to the grave,
Whose very stomach loaths the foul corruption,
His spirit, leaded with his brother's moans,
Can never soar above his rotting clay.

The world, altho' by tyrants trampled down
And chained to fashion's car with golden links,
Has a fine eye for discrimination ;
The good may be forgotten for a time,
May seam their young brows in her holy cause,
May give their lucre with a lavish hand,
'Then see their wives and children want for bread,
While those whose souls ne'er felt the smile of God
Laugh, unpitying, above their ruin.
Life is short, and death folds up the records
And bears them to the world's great corridors,
Where Mind is judge, and Justice is the jury,
And those who suffered and who toiled that man
Might have more sunshine thrown into his life,
Who labored for the happiness of all,
Forgetting self and its dependencies,
Eschewing the luring ring of dollars,
The State's preferment and the smile of Kings ;

Who, while their fellows rioted in ease
Or pawned their souls for woman's love divine
And were rewarded with their glowing hearts,
Saw the moon wasting down the western sky,
Like a pallid and weary sentinel,
Courting the silent philosophic hours
For their honied wisdom that, like balm,
Can heal the wounded and the broken hearts
That nightly cry aloud unto the stars ;
When Justice cries, " this soul ne'er crawled on earth !"
Then Mind says, " write it in the world's great heart,
Among the good, forever and forever !"
Those who appear foul with the earth's dark slime
Of heartlessness and avarice, who, wrapped
Within their own small spheres, heedless the while
How ebbcd and flowed humanity's great sea,
Ne'er heard with sympathy the cry of woe,
Are trampled in the earth from whence they sprung,
To mope, like blinded moles, thro' endless gloom.

The clear-eyed student, guided by the light
That shines upon the past from mighty minds
Who poured their souls into the jeweled cup .
To feed the subtle flame that guides his steps,
In searching thro' the valleys where the dead
Lie piled promiscuous, but in bulk so vast

Could they assume material shape and form,
Would so o'ertop the earth that her great axis
Would unslip its mooring and she drift down
Oppressed thro' shoreless space forever more.
He little cares that once in Greece, the golden,
There lived a merchant, noted for his wealth,
Whose great ships fretted ev'ry sleeping sea,
And filed inquisitive into each bay,
To suck the sweetness of the many lands.
Like bees that sip each wild flower on the meads,
And sail behonied to their masters' hives,
So his great hummers spread their lazy wings
And brought their rifled bloom to swell his store.
His granaries with grain all overflowed,
And yet the beggar hungered at his door ;
His rich wines, druggéd with the rime of years,
Fattened in mouldy indolence, the while
The traveler thirsted at his very gates ;
Along the ponderous docks his ships were ranged,
Easing their bosoms of their luscious stores,
A countless horde of bones and muscle toiled
And sweltered in the sun, bearing the wines
Upon their bended backs, whose cooling kiss
Could never touch their eager, burning lips ;
Bearing the fruit whose blushing clusters gaped
For eating, rotting 'fore their wat'ring teeth.

His daughter was the fairest maid in Greece,
Because her father was the richest man.
Men prize a woman's face when fringed with gold
As they prize the paintings of barbarity,
Not for their worth, but for their costly setting.
She was the only thing that earth did hold
On which he did not look with eye of commerce ;
In the dull material garden of his life
She was a blossomed-trailing, blooming vine,
That overtopped its high and leaden walls
And linked his soul with the great outer world
She sprung within, drew life from him, the oak,
Her green leaves and her fruity lips flung out
Their blessings on the parched hearts of the poor.
And so the student in the after days,
In trampling golden idols 'neath his feet
To find some ray of soul among the ruins,
Sees black ships rotting in the slimy ooze,
Where the proud sea beat about the merchant's quays ;
The windlass creaks in every passing breeze,
Like age that sighs with pain for quiet rest ;
The mothéd rafters huge have fallen in ;
The rats are masters of his greatness now,
And stare, surprised that man should thus intrude
Within the realms where they have reigned for years ;
The huge black spiders, like the olden sprites,

Weave their webs of fate in counting rooms ;
The bleak blank ledger library that stared
Like sightless eyes along the dingy walls,
Upon whose musty parchments weary eyes
And tired souls have gazed and fretted till
They rolled, subdued, into the arms of Death,
Have lit the Grecian beggars' fires, the last
And only words of cheer they ever spoke
To pallid, suffering humanity.

The Student, tired of commerce, shuts his lamp,
To leave its damp, dull rottenness in peace
And push along the silent halls of Death,
And sighs above the records of the past,
“ What heaps of matter, and what little soul ;”
When thro' the loathesome atmosphere there burst
An angel face, the merchant's daughter fair,
Haloed with the blessings of broken hearts
That shone far brighter than the crowns of Queens —
“ Oh, sweet departed of the olden days,
Fair link of woman's chain that, held by hands
Of seraphim close by the golden throne,
And swinging out the high celestial gates
And down the pathway of the morning star,
Has trailed unsullied o'er the slimy earth
From our first mother to the present time,
Binding our souls unto the soul of God,

The chain thro' which his love electrical
Flashes its balsam o'er our bleeding hearts,
That break beneath the heel of tyranny —
Thou com'st to check upon my burning lip
Its curses o'er the blindness of the past
And teach me that there is no sky so dark
But wears her veiled stars, whose brightness flash
Upon our dazzled vision when angels
Brush their cloudy veils aside and open
To our wondering gaze the eyes of heaven;
Rise from this horror-breathing grave of death
And take your place among the quenchless stars,
That woman yet unborn may walk the earth
In the light of your pure loveliness.
Was man created by the living God?
Why don't he follow in his Maker's steps?
Why don't he walk upon the mountain tops,
With head erect and pushing for the light,
Not choke within the dusty vales of sin
With drooping head, as tho' he gazed on hell,
And chose the path that leads to darkness down?
Oh, Commerce, goddess with the golden heart
And diamond eyes that shine but cannot see,
Whose wings are shadowing earth and shutting out
The light that flows from God, the very breath
Of heaven that should bear joy and love to all,

Is pressed into your well-paid devil's corps,
To bear new idols to your mammon shrine.
Lo, at the tinkling of your silver bells
Your votaries fall upon their supple knees
To kiss your garment's flowing, fleecy hem.
Spirit of Freedom ! let us from these halls,
Musty with foul corruption from the hearts
Of men who walked the earth and never soared
Above the level of defiling trade,
Who'd wear the servile fetters of the slave,
Give unborn millions to the tyrant's lash
And sink their country in the very dust
Rather than change the current of their lives,
Or drag their idol and her temples down ;
Leave corruption to black forgetfulness,
And lead us to the hills bediademed
With an undying glory that floods the earth,
Where Leonidas and his Spartan band,
Falling to save their country from disgrace,
Flung down their souls to immortality."

There was more greatness in the single soul
Of Washington, more lustre from his name
Wraps his land in its radiant flashing,
Than in or from the meagre souls or names
Of her myriad-numbered merchant sons ;

And if the land, whose flaming stars illumine
With Freedom's light the nations of the earth,
Whose stripes, if wielded by the hands of men
Whose souls outstepped geographical lines,
Could lash the tyrants of all suffering lands,
Will ever fall, which heaven and man forbid,
It will be when Commerce feeds her mountain bird
With fattening luxuries, and pares his claws
And hooked beak, that now can tear and kill
When tyrants look with lustful eyes and heart
Upon the flocks that roam her boundless plains,
And send him out a brainless goose, a prey
For the Lions, Bears and Ravens of the earth.
And thou, my native Land, what names shine out
From that black sky that's overhung thy soul
Since the devil blew his Saxon cousin,
With airs from hell, across the channel sea?
Not those whose lives were spent ignobly
Huckstering with the Gall, whose heel was on
Their country's neck, his long knife in her breast,
His hands fresh reeking with their brothers' blood,
Selling him gloves to hide his crimson claws,
Pocketing the gold that touched his blackened hand,
And crouching at his feet, but growing rich.
Base worms, that crawléd o'er their mother's bones,
Or fattened on her throbbing, bleeding breast,

The poorest harper on the bleakest hill,
That sang defiance to his country's foe,
And thanked his God who kept his sight in heaven,
Which saved his eyes from gazing on thy ruin,
Is seated high upon the nation's heart ;
But those sneaking hucksters, base counter rats,
Who changed their names and trafficked their low souls
(If God e'er gave them souls,) for Saxon gold,
The very land spews up their ulc'rous earth ;
Our martyrs, gazing from their starry thrones,
Behold them squirming in hell's fiery flames,
Still serpents, as they were on earth, they hiss
Their venom towards God's distant sky.
From the evil days when the native serpent
Brought the foreign hordes to curse his mother,
And Breffni on the threshold fiercely met
Their mail-clad warriors, rebuking them
With cold blue steel, when Irish hearts and men
Marched to the grave as buoyant as to feast,
Holding their lives but subject to the call
Of country, and gave them to her smiling,
Bravely flung their souls upon the crimson tide
That bore them swiftly to immortal shores,
Where the hero spirits proudly welcomed
And raised them high among the great and good ;
To the time when red hand Hugh, the mighty,

Led his tall spearmen from Tir Owen hills,
Flinging death and terror 'mid their serried ranks,
The spirit of our race has followed up
Their crimson steps and gathered up their fame,
And blood, and names, and in the highest niche
Within her inner temple crowning them
With wreaths immortal, Shamrocks, blood-stained, from
Her glowing breast. And he that boasts of soul
That's flowed from the bounding breast of Erin,
Who does not vow eternal hate and love,
Hate to the Saxon, love to his own land,
Though at Freedom's shrine we bleed forever,
Is not from Ireland sprung, but a weak branch
Of the foreign upas, whose roots are fed
By English earth, and cannot thrive in ours.
Along the gallows ridges of the later years
How many a fair head gleams upon the walls,
How many a wolf-dog dies, yet with his fangs
Deep bedded in an English throat; dying,
He feels a bloodstained spirit cowering at the gloom;
While his rejoices, sorrow here doth end,
But the aggressor feels the beginning
Of woes that know no ending, once commenced.
There's not a spot in all the land but's flushed
With the blood of men who died for Freedom,
And, standing on their unavenged graves,

Let's swear that while there beat true Irish hearts
We'll hound the Saxon to the bitter end,
We'll never yield submission to his law
Nor trail our stubborn souls beneath his feet ;
We'll never take his gory hand in ours,
Unless to strike the oppressor to the heart ;
Let our watchword be, " Eternal hatred
To Saxon rule and Saxon domination,
And they who preach submission to his will
Are traitors to the living and the dead,
And we will cast them off, e'en tho' they were
Shrined in our heart of hearts." Let's shape our lives
So that when from the steep of unborn years
Posterity will gaze into the past,
When the frettings and the achings of our day,
The oppressor and oppressed, will sleep
Folded to silence in the halls of time,
Men shall say, " Those had hero souls, and tho'
They did not crown their land with liberty,
They gave their young lives to her sacred cause."

'T is not along the flow'ry paths of ease
The patriot's life has rippled to its close ;
No, they who lead progression's van must bear
The brunt of battle, dying in advance
Of the heavy columns that, slow but sure,

Are marching on the trail of those who lead.
Thus died our leaders in the fiery front,
'Gainst despot legions, years and years ago,
Yet still our leaden-footed army rests
Far in the rear, but nearer than our sires.
When our fathers fell upon the march of mind
We started from their graves ; God send that we
May reach the battle-field e're night comes on
And finish up the work of centuries.
Beneath the bosom of our suff'ring land
Our bravest sleep within their nameless graves ;
We must raise a nation for their monument,
And write their epitaphs with good red blood.
A Spirit from the prison walks the hills,
And in the silence of the summer night,
When all is hushed beneath the weeping stars,
The winds are awed by his pale, mournful face,
The stars are list'ning to his woman's voice,
And in his hero soul rich melodies
Do play along their spirit strings.

THE VOICE.

"Ireland! my first, my last, my only love,
My soul upon the pinions of the wind
Has come to-night to sit upon thy hills,
To gaze upon thy more than earthly face,
And hold communion with thy suff'ring soul.

Oh, God, how very sad and fair thou art!
I've heard men say, who left thy shores in youth
And bore thee mirrored in their loving hearts,
Who robed thy face in the dreamy tints
That buoyant fancy to the absent give,
Who in manhood's years came back to thee
When thou wert raised like Eden in their thoughts,
That when they stood upon your living hills
And gazed upon the golden vales below,
Thou didst surpass their fancy's wildest flight,
For thou wert colored fairer than their dreams.
They should have pined within a living tomb
And felt the death-dew of the sunless cell
Like a demon fold them in its cold embrace —
They should have lain upon the iron couch
Where creeping torpor takes the place of sleep —
They should have worn the convict's garb of woe,
Their locks, that oft were kissed by mountain winds,
Shorn to the very bone to brutalize,
(To make their Irish heads like Saxon brutes) —
They should have worn the fetters on their limbs
That once were strong, and lithe, and fleet as hounds,
Their very names rubbed out, and ever called,
In savage gutt'ral, number sixty-four —
They should have lain in prison six by eight,
The sickly light come sighing thro' the bars

As tho' it feared and shuddered at the place —
They should have heard the step of sentinel
Fall on their weary hearts like rain-drops
Dripping thro' tombs upon their coffin lids,
Until each step upon their souls acute
Fell like the thunder on the mountains wild —
They should have had some loved ones by their sides,
And dare not speak nor look them sympathetic,
And then they should have come unto your hills,
Their souls would burst upon their lips, and they
Would die of rapture on thy throbbing breast.
My days were spent upon the mountain tops
That rise and look in at the gates of heaven ;
I've stood upon their highest sun-kissed brows
And felt the winds just loosened from the sky,
And loved thee for thy hills.

I've roved along the valleys when a boy,
And heard the larks sing, soaring o'er the clouds,
Like enraptured souls just loosed from earth,
And bursting up in joyous melodies,
The red fruit dragging at the bended boughs,
Eager to leap into thy beauteous lap,
The low-thatched cottage, hiding from the eye,
So steeped to the lips in the golden corn,
And I loved thee for thy vales.
I've seen the streams laugh down the mountain side

And off among the meadows fair and gay,
Like sweet-voiced lovers singing to the flowers
That blushed like maids beside their flatt'ring wooers,
Bending their heads the while to hear their songs
And see their own sweet faces in the streams,

And I loved thee for thy streams.

I've stood beneath the giant oaks that threw
Their long boughs out across the face of night,
The soft winds pattered 'mong the leaves of green,
The moon dropped thro' like silent silver threads,
And falling o'er the harper's locks of snow,
Like children toying with the old man's hair ;
I heard him play an old lament for thee,
And every eye shone bright thro' crystal tears
The while his fingers wept along the strings,
And as the music died within the soul,
"God be with old times," he mournfully said,
"And the bright eyes that shone beneath the moon,
And the light feet that flew along this green,
The high hearts that beat immortal time
To the music and freedom of Ireland
Years and years ago," and all sighed "Amen."
"I never sit beneath an Irish oak
But I think of every eye that sparkled
And every voice that sang or danced our music,
And before the mirth begins I feel so sad

That I must ease my grief-laden soul
By pouring out that old lament for Eire ;
In the feast, the patron, the wedding, or the dance,
The first thought and toast should be 'The Dead,'"
Then he played a planxty, and his fingers
Laughed like mirth along the strings, the dancers,
Responding to his sweet-voiced call, flew out
Like summer bees from out a garden hive.
Fair were the maidens, and the men looked brave,
Yet thou wert with bonds and chains defiled,
But I loved thee for thy music.

I've read how once upon thy hills of light
Thou wert fair, and crowned with diadems,
And throned upon the royal hearts of men
Who would not live while country claimed their souls.
Of all the nations of that olden time
Thou wert the fairest and the bravest one,
Thy hills were glowing with thy fleecy flocks,
Thy plains were waving with the yellow corn,
Thy children fed and owned their fleecy flocks,
Thy children sowed and reaped their golden harvest ;
Then came the ruthless spoiler to your shores,
And hell let loose her poisoned wrath upon thee ;
The crown was taken from thy regal head,
The flocks were taken from thy mountain sides,
Thy children sowed, the spoiler reaped the harvest ;

Then feud and faction rose that should have slunk
Abashed into thy misty caverns before
The greater evils which threatened from without,
Rapine, blood, lust, and extermination ;
Then thy sons should, like the rugged rocks
That sentinel thy coast, have ranged their clans
Along the sea, turn their swords and faces
To the foe and crush him on the threshold ;
But the cursed pride of clan and chieftain
Surged high and gulphed their love of country,
Not that they loved the foe, but, blind fools,
They hated each other more, and so turned
Their venomed swords upon themselves and thee,
Wounding thee thro' their own hot bosoms,
They paved the way for Saxon chains to bind ;
And thus for pride they killed themselves, and thee
They handed, faint and helpless, to the foe,
Who smiled with ruffian lust upon thy face,
And sang his pæans o'er thy prostrate form.
The torture, rack, the gibbet, and the jail,
These have been thy Saxon luxuries —
Famine, a spectre issuing from the Throne,
The many-mouthed monster that devours
Your golden fields and gaunts your children's cheeks.
In your pallid presence, queen of sorrows,
Men hide their achings in their silent breasts ;

Death comes unto their beating, breaking hearts,
And says, be still, and so they ache no more,
But thou, with thy seven hundred years of blood,
And tears, and torture, and still, as of old;
They cry, crucify thee, crucify thee !
(Oh, just God, forgive them not their crimes,
They know well what they say and what they do ;
'T is not thro' blindness they do pierce and slay,
But with the coolest malice and design,
To glut the cravings of their savage maws,)
And how many more lie waiting for thee
On thy thorn-crowned future God alone can tell ;
But if thy children read thy stars aright,
And the flaming signs that light the lurid skies,
The crown of glory soon will deck your brow.
Thou art the pity and the wonder of
This gray-ribbed earth. The nations gazing on
Thy saddened brow, whose olden glories flash
The brighter for their fringed clouds of blood,
Behold thy soul's unbent and high resolve
To wade thro' woe until this solid earth
Melts in the glances of an angry God
Or reach that sunland where great Freedom waits
To greet and crown your coming.
I saw thee like a fruitful matron stand,
Thy children smiling round thee like the stars

About the summer moon, bright and many ;
I saw quick life and plenty springing from
Thy mellow bosom ; I beheld thy loved ones
Torn crying from thine arms, and the stranger
Drawing the life-blood from thy breast to feed
His serpent brood, whose poisoned fangs
Did turn and strike thee to the very heart.
I wandered thro' thy fields of yellow corn,
Planted by the hands of thine own children,
Heaven smiled upon their labors, and the fields
Luxuriant waved their songs to God ;
I saw the scowling tyrant issue forth,
Who rioted the year in sensual ease,
Now, like the fabled serpent of the Nile,
To swallow and devour the yellow corn
The while the brown-browed toilers looked up
To God and died within their ravished fields.
Our fathers' fathers hunted on these hills,
Fished within the lakes and in the rivers, .
Sowed and reaped the harvest of the valley,
And now the stranger owns their fields and streams !
If robbers come unto mine household,
Soil with ruffian touch my bosom's partner,
Flood our lintels with our children's blood,
Then pluck me by the beard with gory hands,
Shall I, with bended forehead, hide my shame

Or raise my coward face to heaven and cry,
Oh, God! then let my heart break quietly?
Or shall I rise, my soul for vengeance crying,
My heart swelled into madness with the rage
Of violated rights and love, and, like
The tiger ravished of its young, leap in,
Howling, to their very midst and die
With fangs deep buried in their blackened hearts?
If the brute that lairs in deepest jungle,
Whose highest instinct is a passion blind,
Will, to guard the young it oftentimes devours,
And the sacred precinct of its lustful bed,
Roar defiance at his swarthy armed foes,
And crunch their very bones betwixt his jaws
The while his hot blood spouts along the sand,
Dying upon the spoilers of his home —
Shall man, who bears upon his regal brow
The impress of God's mighty seal, the soul,
Forswear his manhood, fling the barriers down
That Nature's finest passions raised
To guard the loves embow'ed in his heart?
And shall his coward spirit ope the doors
That lead into his inner sanctuary,
And while the spoiler rifles his fair shrine,
Shall he but hide his craven soul beneath
That flimsy veil, the fear of death?

There is no life in this dull matter body,
'T is the electric soul that flashes thro'
And lends it beauty, movement, animation,
And when dishonor sears the soul to death

There is no life.

I saw that Britain, like a robber, came,
A robber so intent upon his plunder prey
That all things sacred, Freedom, Faith, and Love,
That raised their shadows 'twixt him and booty,
Were trampled unrelenting 'neath his feet;
A hooded hypocrite, who drenched the land
In blood and lit his path with cottage flames
Shouting with fiend voice from devil's heart
His long-faced canticles unto the Lord,
Preaching his canting slang of light and love,
The while his thrones were raised on bleeding hearts,
Whose agonizing cries were drowned beneath
His murd'ers' voices hymning to the skies.
I knew that wasted fields and towns depleted,
The beggars whining, and the tears of woman,
The people flying from the mourning land
As men from cities stricken with the plague,
Could never melt his stony robber heart.
Why, those were the fruits of this devil's work,
His cunning laws, well framed for killing,
His years of lying down our country's fame

Within the estimation of the world,
His venal press and his lying preachers,
All shaped their course to bear us down.
I saw within his soul a horrid joy
That she, who rose like an accusing angel
Before the people of the outer world,
Who hung upon his track like an avenger,
Oft threat'ning to o'ertop his gilded thrones,
Was gone with a vengeance from off the earth,
And left no witnesses to stand before
The justice-loving world and cry "MURDERER!"
Oh, villain — fool! did he not know that blood
Is ever crying unto the heavens, "HERE!"
And so he thought with soulless feet of herds
To trample down our fathers' crimson graves;
His gold, his serried ranks of mailed knights,
His threats and tortures for seven hundred years,
Could not from out the bosom of the land
Erase a single patriot's grave, nor
Hew his memory from the nation's heart.
I saw that love, and hate, and deep revenge,
Unsystematic, flourished in the souls
And burned in the hearts of mighty men.
I knew that prayers and tears availed us not
Against the ordered lines of tyrant hordes.
While from their blazing ranks came leaden rain,

And we returned nought but empty curses,
“The Lord was with their strong battalions.”

I knew the rigid rules of despot force,
That naked strength of heart, and pluck, and dash,
Were spray that damped the rocks but moved them not,
And they who ran their heads 'gainst leaden bullets

Lost their brains.

I knew the land had heart enough and true,
To wrest our freedom from the foreign foe.

I knew the land had hands enough to pull
The trigger or to drive the bay'net home.

I cooled that fiery spirit that rebukes
Discipline, and I showed how tyrants press
Men into the dust by concentration.

The bravest man in all their showy ranks
Singly could not stand before the spirit
And the rage of our humblest peasant heart,
Yet their many minds, battalioned into one,
Hurled against the disintegrated mass,
Fling the atoms high into the air.

Nations, to be respected, must be feared :
The Rifle is a healthy monitor.

A single butcher slays a thousand sheep,
While armies move with caution to the glens
Where tawny lions show their grinning teeth.
I thought the land was ready for the mine

Whose shock would blow their temples to the moon ;
I came unto the hills and laid me down
Upon your breast and cried aloud,
“ Awake ! my Love, arise ! the tyrant sleeps
Upon his downy couch, whose springs of ease
Are strung upon the nation’s broken hearts ;
God’s thunder speaks along the midnight sky !
Like the lion, rise, and onward with the storm ;
Waste not your rage in loud and vain display,
Let all your venom centre in your arm ;
Move like the lion when he leaves his lair
And growls but when his fangs are red with blood !
Spring upon the despot while he sleeps and dreams
Of tortures new for your great tameless souls.
In all your bleak, black years of agony
No single ray of pity glowed within
His heavy soul. Then trample ’neath your rage
This blue-eyed angel, Mercy, and to the winds
Fling your chivalry with thieves and despots.
Speak, look, act, deceive, destroy,
As either tends to elevate your race.
Nations have no souls, and trample honor
In the slime of earth as interest demands !
Shall we harass our souls with ancient rules
When at the shrine of honor country bleeds ?
Up ! make laws and break them with the Saxon ;

Deceive and kill him how and where you can.”
My Love, you drank the druggéd wine too long
That in the sickly font of peace was stilled.
Men gazed unruffled on gaunt Famine’s form,
Who shuddering shrank from human blood,
Whose flow could bring the red glow to your cheeks.
And though I cried aloud, *Arise! arise!*
Thy soul was drunken with the druggéd wine,
And like a child unto its mother dead
Who cries and calls in vain, she will not hear,
Thou wert dead to the call of Liberty.
Then arose the tyrant from his golden lair,
Waxing courageous as he saw no foes,
And bore me from your unresisting breast,
And chains were placed upon my hands and feet,
The while strong men looked on in coward fear,
And I, who never broke a single heart
Nor made a virgin cheek hang up its crimson,
Was banished from the green hills and the streams,
The fireside faces and the haunts of men,
To feel the breath of God upon my brow,
Or gaze upon the midnight stars no more,
To sit beneath the village oaks and see
The maidens’ music motion on the green
And hear the harper’s wild lament no more.
Ah, God! to sit within your lampless grave

And know the great world swings her merry gait,
And streams are laughing thro' the meadows green,
And birds are singing in the tall green woods,
And I, whose soul is bursting with sweet songs,
Pine, cheerless, in my songless prison tomb.
If men within the earth do dream, they feel
Like Irish souls in Saxon dungeons old.
Oh, my country! I do not once regret
My destiny, since for your sake I suffer;
Within my prison cell, in brilliant blood,
I read the names of all who died for thee;
Great Bond died in his dungeon foul, beneath
The midnight gloom the murd'ers subtle poison
Stole upon his sense and sent his soul to God!
I see Lord Edward hurling words of hate
From his hot soul upon the Saxon laws!
And Tone, who smote his gallant heart to balk
The sleuth-hounds from their promised meal of blood!
And in my dreams I see huge golden steps,
Whose buttress rests in British dungeon cells,
Whose tops are crownéd with the throne of God,
And all along they're red with martyrs' blood,
Whose names are goldened on their polished fronts;
Two rows of angels stand along their sides
To chant the chainless spirit to the skies,
Singing, "Courage, look up, this is the path

O'er which the martyrs of your land have passed
From British dungeons to the courts of heaven ;
Its steps have rung with hero feet unceasing
Since English murder darkened your fair shores,
And ev'ry soul that mounted to the skies
Engraved his sorrows in the golden book
On which the eyes of God are ever fixed ;
The seraphim who in His presence glow
Have noticed o'er His countenance of light
Of late a fearful, brilliant anger,
Which blinds the angels joying round His throne ;
'T is but the portend of the awful storm,
When empires will be strewn along the earth,
(As wrecks are strewn along your Irish coast,)
Whose sins have cried too long for vengeance.
To man's small compass God works wondrous slow ;
Years that channel deep the human brow,
Whose rain-drops groove the flinty rocks,
Are but the flashing of the swallow's wing
In the shoreless sea of God's eternal years."
And thus my only joy is spirit company
Who walked the patriot's crimson road to heaven.
'T is sweet to suffer for one's Native Land
And fall into the ranks of those who died
To take her from the beggar's place upon
The world's bleak highways and throne her on

The hills, where all might worship at her shrine !
'T is sweet to list inside the prison walls
And hear the distant rhymth of marching men,
Whose mission 't is to ope your dungeon doors
And bear you out to sunshine and to life ;
Their steps growing bolder on the soul each day,
Moving like war songs thro' the silent night !
Oh, God, should they grow tired upon the way
And halt before they reach our dungeon doors,
Their souls not metal for the great ordeal,
File off like vassals to their slavish homes,
And we corroding in forgetfulness !
The time draws nigh when I must leave thee, Love.
I never knew how fair thou wert until
I dreamt of you in convict garb and chains.
I'll take a long, sad parting with the stars,
The high green hills, the streams, the vales,
The glens where wild deer flee, the rocking woods,
And all thy native decking, my sweet Land ;
I ope my spirit to your ardent gaze
And bear your fair face mirrored in my soul,
To kill the horror of the seething prison.
When the merry dancers meet on summer eves
To dance the pleasant music of their land —
When night hangs out her signal lamp of love,
The evening star, beneath whose mellow light

The bashful lovers melt into the groves
And feel that earth lies in each other's eyes ,
When the yellow moon, so like the autumn queen,
Looks, like a luscious matron, down the vales,
While the reapers hang their bended sickles o'er
The cottage doors, and the night is filled
With the melody of children's laughter,
I will be pining in my Saxon chains.
Oh, Ireland ! Queen of broken hearts !
Of ruined homes and scattered households,
You've filled the world with valor and with graves,
The bruising of your spirit has o'erflowed
The earth with melodies of woe and love ;
I kiss thy lips, my Land, and so depart
From thee forever !

THE SWORD AND CROSS.

In cot and hall thro' Erin's Isle,
In happy days forever flown,
Ere foreign fraud and foreign guile
Their discord in the land had sown,
Our fathers knelt at Freedom's shrine
Crowned with the Cross, whose arms outspread,

Seemed pouring blessings pure, divine,
Upon each bent but soldier head ;
Oh, then, in truth, throughout the nation,
The Cross was sign of man's salvation.

When Erin felt the passion'd eye
Of Tyranny with hell ablaze,
And from her soul went forth the cry
Of Virtue, soiled by ruffian gaze,
That cry went thro' the land and caught
The fine ear of our chainless sires,
Within whose high domains of thought
Were glowing Freedom's heavenly fires,
It shook like earthquake deep the nation,
For virtue was its sure foundation.

Then soon the supplicants transfused
Their bended forms to mail'd knights,
The priest his sacred robes unloosed,
Shut up his book, blew out his lights,
And tore the Cross from off the shrine
And grasped its hilt with soldier hand,
And never flashed it so divine
As in that strife for native land ;
It preached the vengeance of the Lord,
And thus the Cross became a Sword.

All thro' the battle's crimson haze
It gleaméd like the eye of God,
Our sires drank valor from its blaze
That looked the despot to the sod ;
When in the setting sun it burned,
With Satan's blood for holocaust,
The knight into the priest returned
And offered up the greater Host ;
He pressed his Sword into the moss,
And thus the Sword became a Cross.

Oh, emblem of infinite good,
That 's hewed the womb of darkness ope,
And, bathed in Christ's celestial blood,
Gave birth to Life, to Love, and Hope,
The key that 's ope'd the golden gates
Whose music thrilled man's suff'ring soul
And made him heir to those estates
Beyond the despot's blind control,
Thou art the world's great guiding star,
A Cross in peace, a Sword in war.

Oh, thou that 's led the nations out
Of bondage into liberty,
Along the high and starlight route,
With God's good angels guiding thee,

Until they march, flushed with thy light,
Soul blent with soul, and hand in hand,
Thou 'rt spread abroad a starless night
Of shadows o'er our native land ;
Humanity's great exaltation,
Thou art become our degradation.

A spirit moving thro' the lands
To lift the weary fallen up,
To bind their wounds with angel hands
And pour sweet wine into life's cup,
Beneath thee, huge, unpitying load,
Our country sinks with woes oppressed ;
Thou 'rt plunged, crowned with the name of God,
Heart-deep into her throbbing breast,
Drinking her blood with vampire lips,
With wings outstretched like death's eclipse.

Thy head, upraised unto the skies,
Shuts out the sun from her pale face ;
Thou dost not hear the ceaseless sighs
Of strong men dying at thy base,
Dying for bread ! Your Altars groan
Beneath their loads of sordid gold ;
Oh, eyeless thing ! Oh, heartless stone !
Hear you the death-cries on the wold ?

Are Altars, raised with cunning plan,
Dearer to God than soulfull man ?

Throughout the Land are temples crowned
With Thee flushed in thy olden light,
While at thy feet poor souls are drowned
In seas of darkness left and right ;
And while her pale-faced children mope
To find their murdered kindred dead,
Your preachers give them Faith and Hope
When they should give them Drink and Bread,
The while *they* riot in foul ease,
Plethoric with life's luxuries.

O, Crucified ! is this thy shield
Of man's redemption that has grown
So humanized 't will only wield
In hands of tyranny alone ?
“ Behind the Cross the Devil hides,”
Was sung, but now he sits on high,
And bold and cavalierly rides,
And grins his fumes at passers by,
And, once atop, will not come down
Until his steed is overthrown.

O, for the old-time soldier-priests
To change their Crosses into Swords,

To leave their cups and royal feasts
And give us work instead of words ;
Give us that pure severity
That preached and practiced what it taught,
When hearts were young and souls were free
From golden chains ; who spoke and fought
Throughout the land with Cross and Sword,
Not for Kings, but for the Lord.

There are two Crosses in the land,
The same in looks but not in birth
One is held in Tyrant's hand
To press men to the very earth,
A thing of dull material stone,
A Devil dressed in holy guise,
Whose sacredness is looks alone,
That fills with awe the wond'ring eyes
Of votaries, who can't divide
Dead matter from the Crucified.

Its pampered priests forever cry,
Patience, submission, humility,
And how the passage to the sky
Leads thro' the sloughs of misery,
The passport being a beggar's staff,
With ragged and filthy indolence,

The world's good things being but the chaff
The Devil flings round to woo the sense,
And all who ride or wear good clothes
Are galloping fast to the land of woes.

And so men cultivate the grace
Of leading servile, slavish lives,
Settling down to the beggar's pace,
'Neath rags alone the spirit thrives ;
They drag along their pilgrim ways,
Killing the body to save the soul,
Thro' all their nights and sunless days
They hear the howling billows roll.
O, beggar of darkness, scoop your grave !
Have none but you a soul to save ?

There is another Cross that springs
From Heaven, but leans unto the earth,
The radiant flashing of whose wings
Has driven the hosts of shadows forth ;
In seraph hands a meteor sword,
It flames across the black midnight,
Its sun-tipped point forever toward,
And leading nations to, the light ;
Along whose shaft the electric flow
Of God's great glories flash and glow.

As Satan, howling, flies in fear
From eye of God, so evil dare
Not look upon nor come anear
This Cross, for Christ is ever there
To raise the fallen, trampled down,
And heal their spirits with a look,
'To scourge the tyrants with his frown,
Who melt away 'neath his rebuke ;
This is the Cross to mortals given,
To cheer the earth and light to heaven.

Behold, my Land, your children fade,
Like blighted flowers, before your sight ;
Men cannot thrive who live in shade,
Souls blossom best that drink the light ;
Turn from those cold and soulless things,
Those shapeless forms of stone and wood,
Dark evil broods beneath their wings,
Foul with the curse of human blood ;
In vain you cry to hearts of stone,
But God will hear your faintest moan.

Away with this ceaseless monotone
Of grief ! arise from your bended knees,
Why waste your breath ? 't is the sword alone
Can hew the way thro' the crimson seas,
Beyond which lies the promised land,

A land of homes, and not of graves ;
Have Faith! March on! God's mighty hand
Will cleave a highway thro' its waves,
And ere you touch the blooming shore
The tyrants will be whelméd o'er.

Look up! the Sword-Cross floats on high,
Along the fields by angels trod
Its red blade gleams 'twixt earth and sky,
Its starred hilt in the hand of God ;
Tyrants will perish in its glare,
But men will bloom in its cheering light.
Glory to God! thro' our despair
This Hope breaks on our aching sight ;
Lo, the soul has burst her prison,
And, all transfigured, has arisen.

The earth is throbbing 'neath the seas
Of peoples marching, heaven inclined,
The spheres roll out their melodies
Unto the mighty march of mind !
Ho ! Priest and Kaiser, stand aside !
We halt no more for Cross or Crown,
No more shall men be deified ;
We'll tramp you and your idols down ;
Our Banner is the great Cross-Sword,
Our Leader is the mighty Lord.

THE ROAD TO THE BARREL OF BEER.

Do you know the road to the Revelers' Inn,
Where reigns the monarch, Great Barrel O'Beer,
With his ghost-blue cousins, Whisky and Gin,
The furies of madness, horror and fear ?

'Tis the same that leads to the pauper's grave !
O'er which the blear-eyed shuddering pass,
Howling for death to hide them and save
From the living and hissing serpent grass

That folds them in its clammy sheen,
And the threat'ning slimy waves that roll,
Eager to drown in their foul gangrene —
Realities all to the maddened soul.

Like ghosts of murder, whenever they tire,
In those forests of dismal, ghastly trees,
Whose branches, long serpents of visible fire,
In the hands of Titanic monstrosities,

Scourge them along till the woods resound
With their terrified howling and pitiful sighs,
And devils arise from the yawning ground,
Grinning hot sulph'rous breath in their eyes.

Do you know the road to the Barrel of Beer !

'T is the same that leads to the Drunkard's grave ;
From its horror hereafter and misery here,
Pray to the Lord and the Saints to save.

'T is fenced along with household wrecks,
And hopes long faded to pale despair,
Where the sun drops down in blood-red flecks
Of hideous light thro' the lurid air.

With a lavish hand are thickly strown
'The broken hearts of woman and maid
Over its pavements ; its bridges are bone,
With old faded blossoms interlaid.

Pale children are there who breathe in sighs,
And fill the place with their mournful looks,
Poor flowers withdrawn from the sunny skies,
The pleasant fields, and the laughing brooks.

In journeying down the valley of years,
Where you pass the mile-stone marked 18,
You strike this road where the gate of tears
Is crowned with the sensuous vintage queen.

On every side hang the luscious fruit
And blushing in clusters incarnadine,

While Mirth is playing Apollo's lute,
Wooing the soul with the music of wine.

And sweet is her voice as she trills her song
And holds your heart in its wreathed flow :
" He who would pleasure and love prolong,
Come follow where Mirth and the Sirens go."

And then from under the leafy bowers
Beauty, and Folly, and Love, leap out,
Like spirits that burst from the summer flowers,
And lead the way down the reveler's rout.

From the passionate depth of each sensual soul
They flood your heart with golden showers,
Their bacchanal songs thro' the vineyards roll,
And youth lends wings to the slow-paced hours.

And this is the road to the Barrel of Gin ;
'T is a flowery path while the nymphs caress,
But bleaker it grows as you enter in,
Till they lead you to horror and hopelessness.

The skies grow duller day after day,
And fade the flowers to consumptive hues,
The skeleton trees beghost the way
Till your spirit is steeped to the lips in blues.

And Folly, that met you upon the road
And tinkled her bells in your youthful ear,
Has changed her song to a funeral ode,
And 'stead of bright glances her eyes rain tears.

Her once sweet voice croaks discord now,
Like children's cries and woman's moans,
And the song that wooed you under the bough
Grates like a saw thro' your aching bones.

Her locks of light are now golden asps,
And the torment of hell scowls over her face ;
Like a graveyard ghoul she wildly clasps
Your struggling soul in her foul embrace.

And as she opens her mantle shroud,
Lo ! 't is the ogre Death you behold,
Visible devils laugh long and loud
As she chokes you dumb in her skeleton fold.

Oh, pliant youth, and oh, manhood stern,
Shun the road to the Revelers' Inn
With its quaint facade, 't is a sculptured urn,
Roses without, but dead ashes within.

And this is the road to the Barrel of Beer,
And this is the road to the pauper's grave ;
From its sulphurous air and its gangrene mere
Pray to the Lord and the Saints to save.

MULLIGAN.

Comrades tried and comrades true,
Sons of the New Land and the Old
Who flung aloft the starry blue
And matched it with the green and gold,
From soul to soul, from man to man,
We pass the old electric word,
Here's to gallant Mulligan,
The soul of the Twenty-third.

And raise ye up the Harp and Stars,
The ragged remnants of their pride,
Like old twin vet'rans slashed with scars
And frowning sternly side by side,
And ever marching in the van
Where bugle notes the spirit stirred —
How proud they flashed when Mulligan
Led the gallant Twenty-third.

A thousand hearts beat blithe and gay
At Freedom's christening of these Flags,
But War has swept the best away,
And worn the Banners into rags;
But 't was a sight worth woman's tears
When fifes sang shrill as mountain bird,
And we marched along thro' waves of cheers,
And Mulligan led the Twenty-third.

When on the fiery field of Mars,
And fronted by the traitor hordes,
His eyes flashed brighter than the stars,
His presence was a thousand swords;
When death-hail swept the quick and dead,
And War's red channels overran,
Fear looked into his eyes and fled
Before the gaze of Mulligan.

Where God's eternal trumpet rolls
Their fame in perfect melody,
His is one of the ransomed souls
Throned in the smiles of the Deity —
They raised the earth above the earth,
And only camped for a season here
Till their souls in some great cause burst forth
And leaped to their higher native sphere.

Oh, Erin, to thy far-off shore,
Albeit he never saw thy face,
He sent heart-blessings o'er and o'er,
And pitched his tent among thy race.
He would have given his giant soul
With lavish love to make thee free—
But place him on your heroic roll,
Who dies for Freedom dies for thee.

God placed his soul above the world
So high that Envy and Deceit,
Who climbed the golden stairs, were hurled
To spit their venom at his feet.
The Husband, Father, and the Friend,
The Soldier great, but greater Man,
O, long until the gods will send
Another such as Mulligan.

He wore the Green thro' death and scars,
So green be the earth upon his bed;
He swept the mists from the clouded stars,
And they rain their lustre around his head,
And till the stars grow old and wan,
And Erin's harp no more is heard,
They'll halo the fame of Mulligan,
And sing of the Irish Twenty-third.

So, comrades tried and comrades true,
Sons of the New Land and the Old,
Baptized in Freedom's crimson dew,
And of her universal fold,
From soul to soul, from man to man,
Let's pass the old electric word,
Here's to gallant Mulligan,
The soul of the Twenty-third.

ROBERTS' APPEAL.

Our long years of patient labor, sowing in vexatious soil,
Ripened into golden fruitage, smiling payment for our toil;
And we watched in fearless anguish, for we knew the hour
was nigh —
Till a spirit whispered "Onward," then we looked to God
on high,
And, out into the glowing starlight, mute — our lips with
vengeance sealed —
We pressed to cool our fevered spirits on the red-dewed
battle-field.

No trumpets thrilled the valleys echoed back in ringing
cheers,

But our hearts beat victor marches to the music of the
spheres.

None but God and His good angels heard us marching
thro' the night,

And we stood above the tyrant when we met the morning
light,

And from his ruffian head we'd clutched our nation's sun-
gilt Crown,

But Freedom seized the arm upraised to strike the despot
down —

Yes, threw her starry ægis o'er her children's murderer's
head! —

Oh! false unto the living! — doubly false unto the
dead! —

Rebound the chains that, half unloosed, seemed falling
from the slave,

And flung her, crushed and bleeding, back to her dungeon
grave;

And there rose a wave of wailing, like the night-winds
thro' the glen,

For we wept the tears of woman from the fearless souls of
men.

The curse of prisoned Nations fall upon the hearts of those
Who march 'neath Freedom's bannerols, but leagued with
Freedom's foes —

Who sell the People's priceless love for the smiles of titled
things,

And trail the glory of the stars beneath the feet of Kings ;
The devil from their hellish hearts looks thro' inhuman
eyes,

And smiles his damned approval of our broken hearts and
sighs ;

And Freedom, throned on Freeman's hearts, puts forth her
stainless hand

To clasp the gory claws of Kings above our mourning land.

Once again must we re-open our country's ponderous
tomes,

To read each crimson volume in the glare of blazing homes,
And see the tyrant, steeped in lust, pollute her dewy lips,
While the shadow of our hopelessness enfolds her in
eclipse ?

The tears of shame that sear our hearts stain ghastly every
page,

God change their blighting moisture into a holy rage —
A fire of retribution to sire eternal Faith,

Whose soul flames out the brightest in the catacombs of
death.

From the dungeon graves of Ireland — sad across the Dart-
moor wold —

Comes the cry of crucifixion, now, as in the days of old —

Come the ghastly living present, with her red wounds run-
ning o'er,

And the countless spirit legions of the martyred gone before,
Who traced their faith in sunless days, with life's heart-
burning flames,

To light our souls to Freedom with the lustre of their
names,

Their hot blood's smoke, for holocaust, forever upward
rolls,

God rains it back, like holy dew, ensanguined, on our souls ;
With the past, for vengeance crying, the dying present
sues ;

We've all — Land, Homes, and Shrines — to gain, and
naught but life to lose.

At Freedom's doors, the Lion's Whelps, driven from the
mother den,

Whose spoors are traced, across the earth, by the blood
and bones of men,

Like carnivores, have jungled where they howl defiance
nigh,

And shall they crunch our brothers' bones, and we stand
idly by ?

Ho, spirits of our Fatherland ! Jehovah's mighty sons !
Let your answer be the bugle's blare and the flashing of
 your guns ;
Let the rhyme of marching legions thunder vengeance in
 their ears,
As you cross, once more, the borders with your old victo-
 rious cheers.

Ho, Chivalry of Eireland ! wherever that you be,
Let your spirit rise responsive to your country's reveille,
And feuds shall pale their fretting fires, and our souls burn
 all in one,
With a giant HATE, as stars are quenched in the glare of a
 tropic sun ;
Our Nation's souls battalioned into one mighty mind,
And Kings shall fly before it, like clouds 'fore the angry
 wind,
To strike in the name of Freedom, and let all Freemen
 know,
Who hates the tyrant is our brother, who loves him is our
 foe.

Satan's strong, but God is mighty ! never fought a land
 for hell —
Building thrones on Nations' ruins — but in lust and mur-
 der fell :

Our foeman feels God's earthquakes rumbling, sees huge
rents along the walls,

Trembles, as his soul to judgment Heaven, with voice of
thunder, calls.

Forward, sons of the Immortal! Truth is ours and cannot
die.

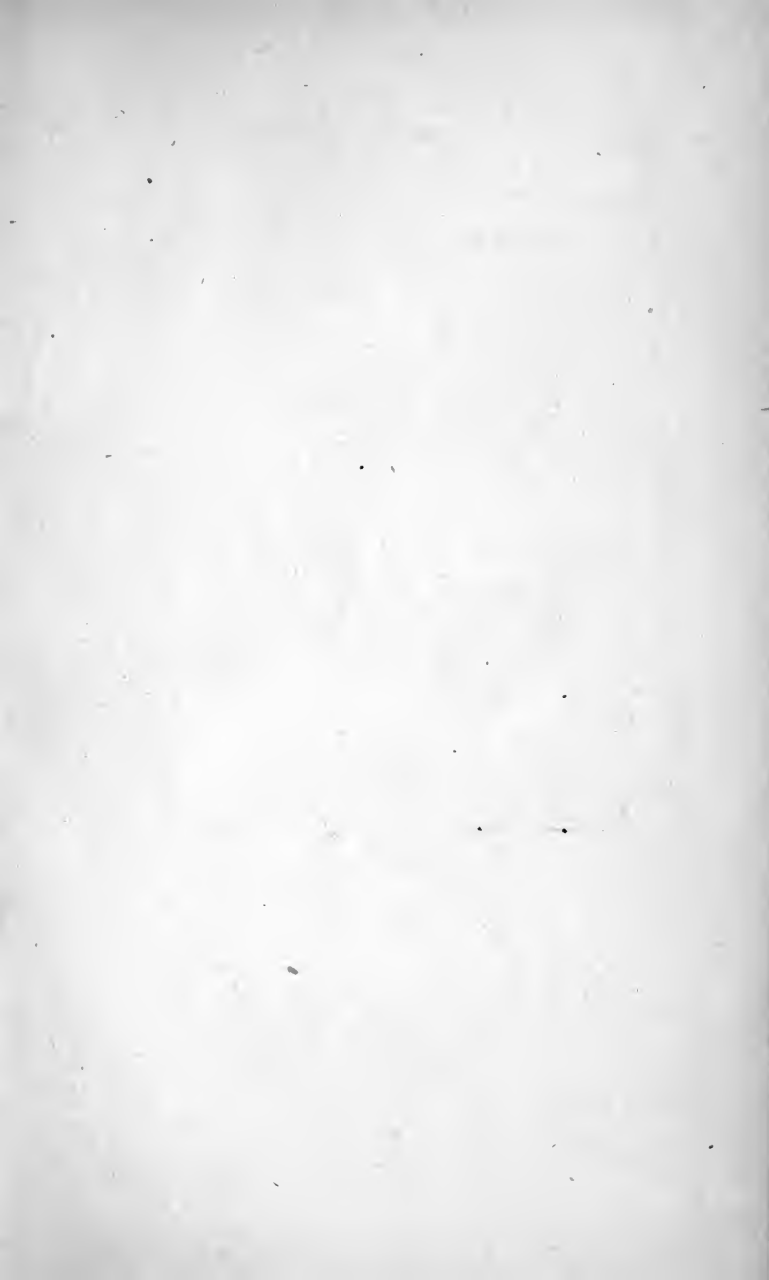
We have fought and fronted devils, but our base was in
the sky.

While the shrines of Baal are crumbling, ruin folding
Babylon,

We march forth in youth eternal, flanked by the Father
and the Son.







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